Vol. CXXXII. No 1712.

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[THE BYSTANDER, OCTOBER 7, 1936.

The BYSTANDER

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Dinner, Dance & Cabaret: A Going Out Guide

Weddings and Engagements: Short Story

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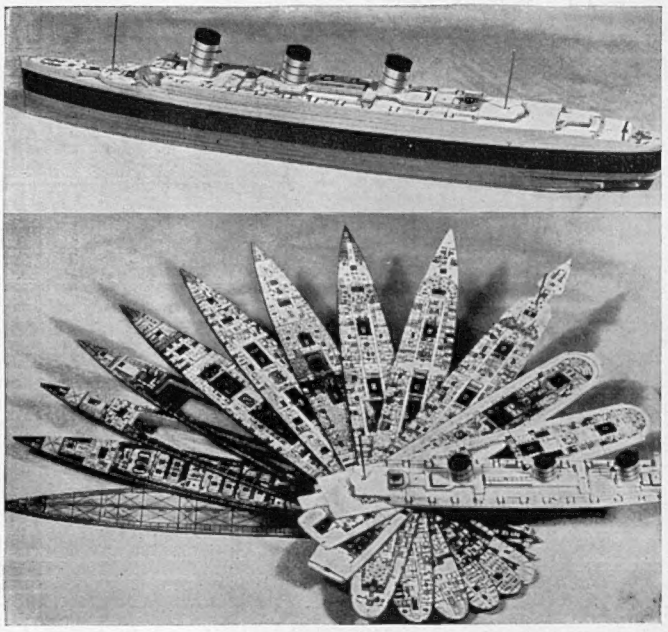

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No. 1712. Vol. CXXXII.

The Bystander

Tunbridge

Luli Deste—Bavarian Star

Luli Deste's childish ambition to be a circus rider wasn't realised, except in the family circle on her own pony, but she succeeded in her later intention of becoming an actress, and now she has turned into a film star. American director, Marion Gering, met her here in London, and signed her up at once, and gave her the leading part opposite Edward G. Robinson in *Thunder in the City*, which Gering is directing. After making that and one other English film, she 's off to Hollywood under contract. Her parents are Bavarians, Baron and Baroness Bodenhausen; her husband, whom she divorced in 1930, was an Austrian, Baron Godfried Hohenburg. Only lately she dropped her married name and became Luli Deste. Besides acting in Salzburg, Berlin, Vienna, she appeared once in England, in the German version of *Storm in a Teacup* at the Arts Theatre. And by contrast she ran a textile business for a time, selling material she herself designed, first in Bavaria and later in England

"After You, Who . . . ?"

A New "Bystander" Series of Celebrities in Cameo

No. 41

Jack Buchanan

JACK BUCHANAN must be the only actor-manager who does not employ a press agent. But then, he literally dislikes personal publicity. I know exactly where he was born, but he has asked me to say vaguely that it was "somewhere in Scotland." I know where he lives, but he has asked me to omit this altogether. Not that there is anything mysterious about it. Simply, he gets fussed by crowds. You will never see him sitting at a table in a restaurant in the middle of the room. He always chooses a corner table by the wall. Not that you often see him in public at all.

Jack Buchanan is also remarkable because he is the only star who graduated from the ranks of the male chorus. The first show in which he ever appeared was *All the Winners* at the Alhambra. But it was *A to Z* which made him—that and André Charlot, who discovered him on tour and gave him his chance.

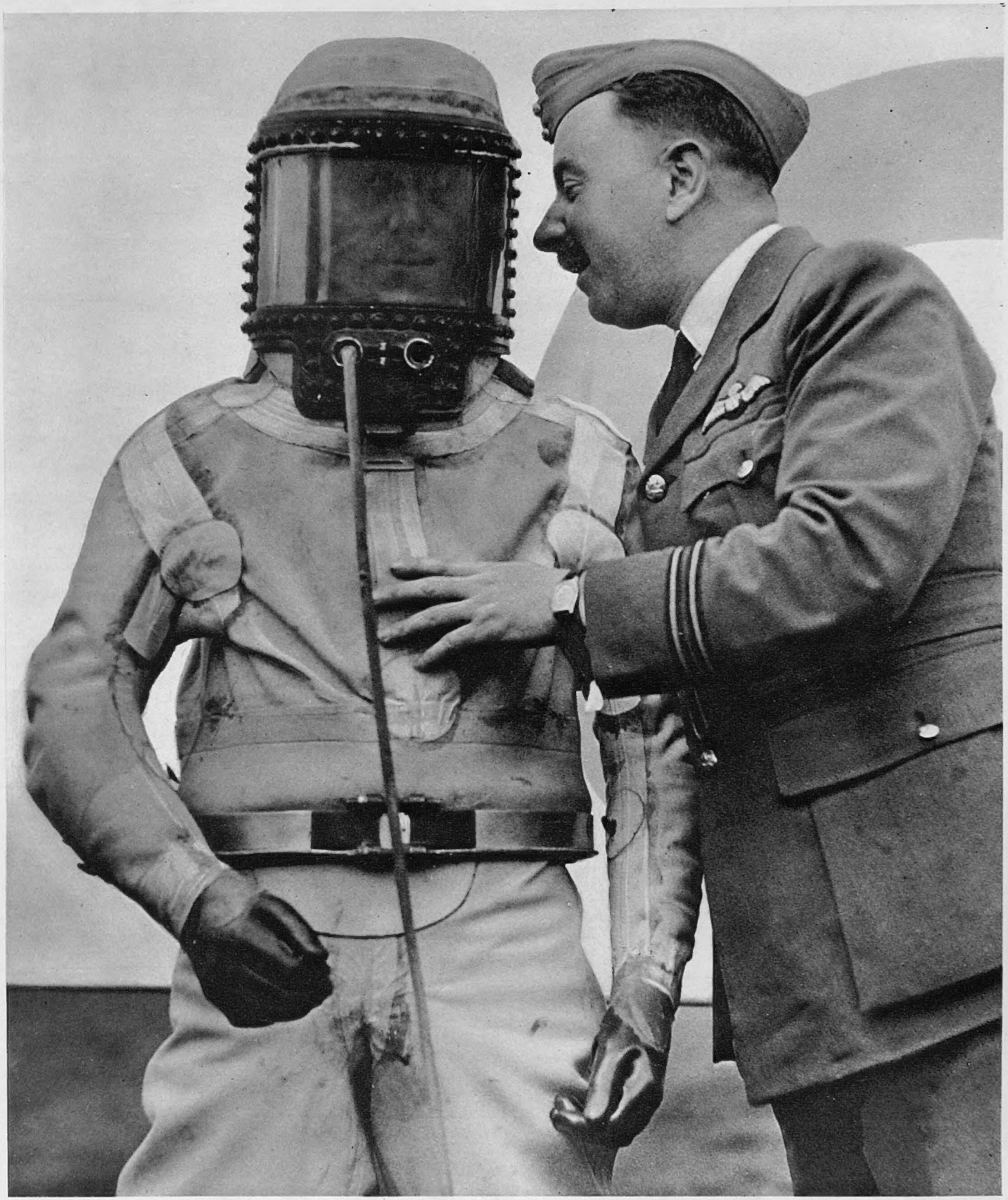
Jack Buchanan never forgets a friend. While he was in some small show in the provinces one of the older members of the company spoke encouragingly to him about his future. That man is to-day his stage manager at the Palace. There are many other instances of this loyalty. Jack Buchanan's generosity is almost quixotic. When his present show, *This 'll Make You Whistle*, was on tour, he took the whole company to the Grand National, paid all their expenses, and gave each of them ten shillings with which to bet.

He still suffers from first-night nerves, being almost incapable of eating for twenty-four hours before the curtain goes up. His relaxations, if any, are motoring and golf. He leads a full life, which includes being managing-director of the Leicester Square Theatre, which he built. He helps to select all the films and handles all the business personally. He is a bachelor. He has always been one, and ever since *Battling Butler* he has backed his own shows, which include *Sonny, That's a Good Girl, Stand Up and Sing,* and *Mr. Whittington.*

JACK BUCHANAN has only one relative—a sister, who married a doctor and lives in the colonies. He never wears a bowler hat, and, though a good Scot, never drinks whisky. He has never missed a boat or a train. He never talks if he is really angry. He has never postponed a première. On the other hand, he has a definite inclination to put off till to-morrow anything he can do to-day. He is superstitious about most things. He likes to take his holidays in the South of France or the Bahamas.

He also likes to go on tour and "show the flag," and yet he has never acted in the Dominions. He only backs horses when he is on the course. He eats the plainest of food and yet is remarkably healthy. This is despite an extraordinary sequence of rumours that have been current for the last fifteen years about him. People have said pityingly that he was at death's door on innumerable occasions. There has never been any reason for this. Indeed, the perplexed rise of his left eyebrow, which is so characteristic of him, is probably caused by it. That, and a habit of cupping his chin on his hands (elbows duly resting on the table), are perhaps the only two mannerisms of this exceedingly well-mannered and likeable star.

Charles Graves



"Are You All Right In There?"

Sq.-Leader Swain in His High-Flying Suit

In Squadron-Leader F. R. D. Swain's achievement last week and the modest, vivid account he gave of his experience in breaking the height record, there is something greatly to stir the imagination. 49,967 feet away from the ground makes no picture for the ordinary, flat-footed mortal, but when he reads that the pilot could see from Land's End to Margate and north nearly to the Wash, he begins to understand. "London looked like a toy town, and the Thames and other rivers were like pieces of narrow ribbon. To the south I could see the north coast of France and the Channel Islands looking like small stones in a shallow river-bed. I confess I felt very small and lonely, and I had the impression that England was a very little country." That and Squadron-Leader Swain's account of his difficult dangerous descent makes very clear what this sort of record-breaking means. His record is over twelve hundred feet better than the French one made in August, and nearly a mile and a half higher than the greatest altitude previously reached by a British aeroplane

The Passing Hour

Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

No one has been talking of anything else all the week except the currency business. Everyone, from ponderous city man to lightest flâneur in the Drones' Club, seems to know precisely nothing about the effects of the great devaluation. What will the French peasant say? Will French prices rise abruptly, with the invariable concomitant of a rise in French prices—namely, riots in the streets? How will it all affect our trade? These, and fifty other questions, are being asked, and nowhere answered with even the slightest show of confidence. This is all the more peculiar, because if there are three things upon which the masculine mind deems itself infallible, they are Knowledge of Wines, Ability to handle Bradshaw, and Economics.

One aspect of the currency shemozzle that is particularly piquant is the position of Italy. The lira and the mark are left alone like good boys in a naughty class. Now goodness in itself is admirable, but it begins to irk when the naughty boys are seen to be enjoying themselves. It would be much nicer for the lira to devaluate itself and come into line, but unfortunately Signor Mussolini has made a solemn vow never to devaluate it, and, worse still, has caused this solemn vow to be inscribed on monuments in various parts of Italy. On the whole, this is a trifle awkward, for dictators dislike as much as anyone else the gentle pastime of logophagy—which means eating one's words.

General O'Duffy, the Irish Blue Shirt leader, is reported to have visited Burgos in person last week to offer the services of his 2000 Irish volunteers to the insurgents' cause in Spain. The Spanish leader replied that they "did not want foreigners to collaborate in the work of liberating the fatherland."

The American Presidential election is now entering on its final intensive phase, and the Republican hopes are on the wane. Their first big effort to rouse the country for Governor Landon has been a failure, and now the heaviest gun of all has at last opened fire on the other side. From all accounts President Roosevelt's speech in New York was devastatingly effective, although his target—the Republican blunders of Hoover, Coolidge, and Harding—was a pretty vulnerable one, anyway. Already the pessimistic Republicans are saying that only a tactical blunder can ruin the President's chances, and if ever a man was unlikely to make a tactical blunder that man is Mr. Roosevelt.

Admiral Sims, Commander of the United States Navy in European waters during the war, has just died in Boston. Sims had a clearer view of the world crisis in 1917 and 1918 than his colleague on land, General Pershing. Pershing appeared to be keener on preserving the entity of the American army than on defeating the Germans. Sims from the start was resolute upon complete co-operation with the British under a British supreme commander. That he was right and Pershing wrong the world knows now. Almost the only parallel I can think of at the moment of unselfish loyalty on the part of one independent commander towards another of another nation is the classic case of Eugène and Marlborough.

Disquieting news for us Knights of the Quill—or whatever you like to call the élite of modern society—comes from the town of Terre Haute, Indiana. Mr. Earl Browder, Communist candidate for the American Presidency, was arrested on arriving at this spot in order to prevent him from making a speech. Well, I have no objection to that. Communism is not my saucer of Earl Grey. But what I do object to is the arrest of his companion, Waldo Frank, the famous novelist, on the charge of—would you believe it?—vagrancy. A novelist a vagrant! Why, in these days of fat royalties and groaning publishers, the thing is absurd. We novelists seldom have less than four valets, and we sneer at any wine less splendid than Chambertin. Vagrants? Hell!

Mr. Hearst at Home

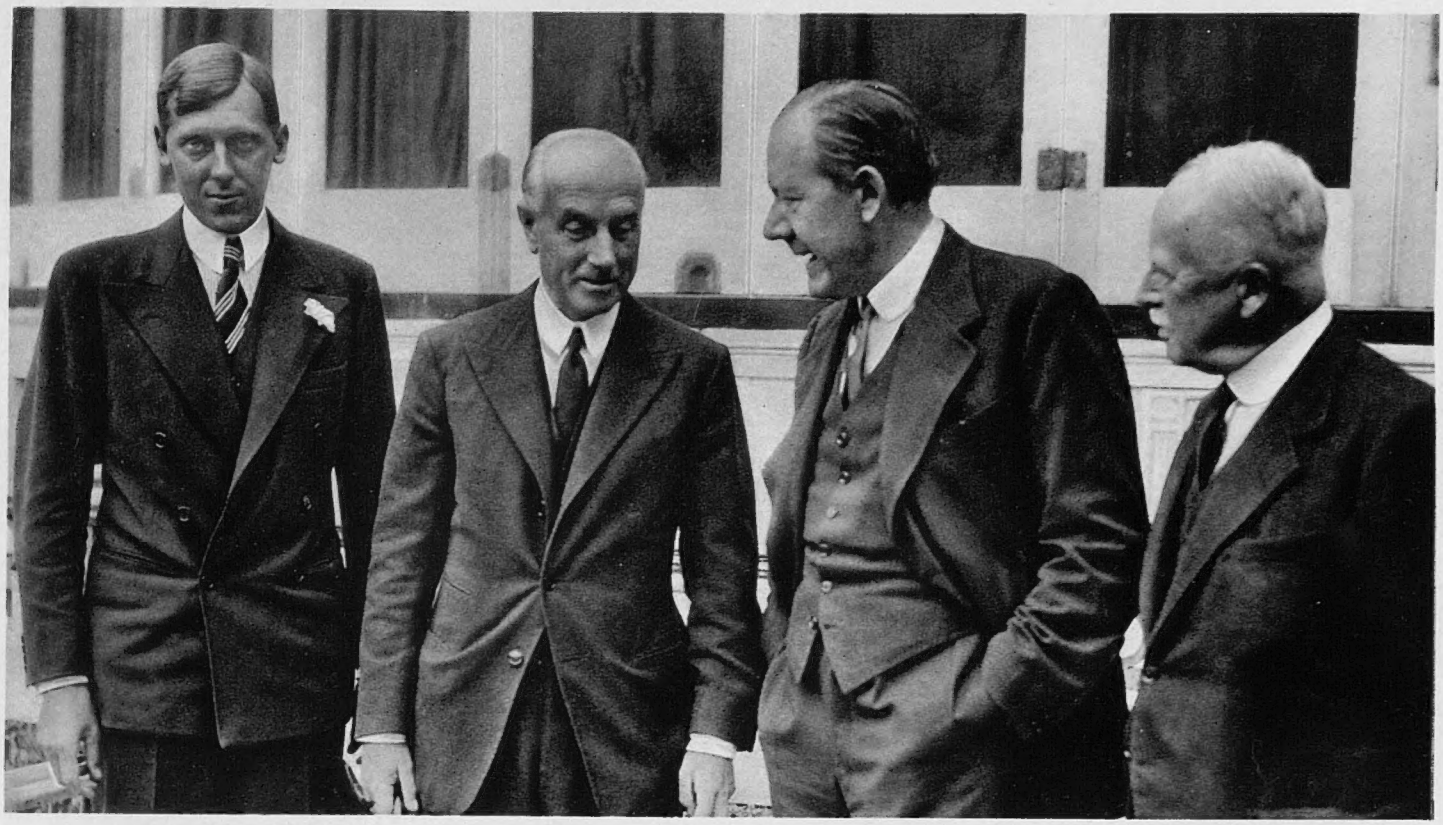
Mr. William Randolph Hearst, the American newspaper magnate, has been dealing with the Presidential election campaign from Wales. He and his English sheep-dogs were photographed last week at St. Donat's Castle where he had had a big week-end house party

An English Jury for an American Crime

Choosing a jury from the audience is a grand theatre stunt; "The Night of January 16th," the American murder-trial play at the Phœnix, has two endings in case the audience sends up twelve hard-hearted people one night. Here's the first-night jury which included Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Massey, Lord and Lady Doverdale, Mr. Robert Bernays, M.P., Mr. Jack Hylton, Miss Griffiths, Mr. James Panton and Mr. Bruce Beresford

For a complete ignoramus in aeronautical matters, there is one side of these big air races which is very puzzling. Presumably all the machines are magnificent, finely-made and finely-tuned. The pilots are all cracks. The routes are all carefully plotted. The chances ought to be equal for all. Yet the two biggest of these races are won by the same man. What is there about Mr. Scott that makes him a superlative airman among tremendous airmen? What is the quality that brings him to the top in the last desperate laps of a race? It's a problem that I should like to see handled by an aeronautical expert.

The Australian Book Censor has been at work again. This time the ingenious but erratic gentleman—or is it a syndicate—has barred Mr. Aldous Huxley's important new book, *Eyeless in Gaza*. The only reason so far given out makes the Book Censor appear to be more mysterious than ever. For he has barred Mr. Huxley's new book simply because he barred his last one, *Brave New World*. And now, having cracked down upon *Eyeless in Gaza* as



A "Defence" Conservative Conference at Margate

After the first morning's session of the Conservative Party Conference at Margate, Mr. Geoffrey Lloyd, Sir Samuel Hoare, Mr. Walter Elliot and Lord Ebbisham held a small conference of their own. Sir Samuel Hoare had just made his big "defence" speech; Mr. Elliot spoke in the afternoon on the "second line of defence"—agriculture. Geoffrey Lloyd is now Parliamentary Under Secretary to the Home Office; he has been private secretary both to Hoare and Baldwin. Lord Ebbisham is this year's President of the National Union of Conservative Associations

unsuitable for the pure youth of the great open spaces of the Antipodes, the Australian Book Censor puts the lid on it by announcing that he is going to settle down and read it.

CONTROVERSIES in print between great men are all too rare, so it is with especial delight that I saw that Mr. H. G. Wells and Dr. Gilbert Murray have been tilting at each other in spirited style in the public journals. Dr. Murray appealed for help for the League's Committee of Intellectual Co-operation. "What is this Committee?" cried Sir Wells, bounding into the lists upon a mettlesome steed to a great fanfaronade of adjectives. "Where is it, what is it, why is it, what good is it, I 've never heard of it." This at once fetched Sir Murray out of his tent, lance and helm and all. "Sir Wells must be a genius," he cried in effect, "because he can be so comic. The Committee cannot be any good because he does not know about it. And he does not know about it because he does not like it."

A shrewd thrust, by my halidome. Lay on, Sir Wells. It is your turn to play the like.

DR. BURGIN, the witty and brilliant solicitor, who is Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Trade, got off a good crack when he opened the huge new film-studio at Pinewood. Before making his speech, he said, he had consulted a reference-book of arboriculture and there found that "compared with the majestic pine, the holly is but a stunted tree." Considering that the place was packed ten deep with Americans from Hollywood, this went well.

IT is a very fortunate thing for the fair fame of Scotland that the new movement to put over hot jazz on the bag-pipes should have, not merely the backing, but the active sponsoring of His Majesty. The King it was who, himself a skilful piper and expert ball-room dancer, hit upon the notion of trying to combine the two, and he at once set his Balmoral pipers on to the job of putting it into practice. When the finished article comes south, I trust that all Sassenachs will remember their loyalty before they actually start throwing things.

IT is always pleasant to be able to agree wholeheartedly with a colleague, and in the matter of Mr. Ian Hunter I stand shoulder to shoulder with Mr. George Campbell, the BYSTANDER's film critic. Mr. Hunter is an outstandingly fine actor who has never had a really first-class chance. In his latest film—a ridiculous affair called *To Mary—With Love*—he has an extremely thankless and difficult rôle, and yet he simply plays Warner Baxter and Myrna Loy completely off the screen.

MISS GLORIA MINOPRIO'S campaign to prove that golf can be mastered with one club is having an uphill struggle. In theory there is a great deal to be said for it. But it makes no allowance for that stern accompanist to every golf round—"the rub of the green." The finest shot may kick into a nasty place from which no cleek in the world can extract it, and that means the automatic loss of a hole. And there are certain stymies that have to be lofted, and thick grass one inch over a green must be dug through. Miss Minoprio is infinitely more commendable than the modern young golfer with his twenty or so clubs, but I do think that she is overdoing it a little.

THERE is a queer, inter-seasonal gap in the sporting world just now, which must be giving many a headache to the sports columnist boys. Cricket is over and golf is tottering wearily to its end. The ballyhoo of the Olympics has left everyone a little jaded, and the M.C.C. team to Australia is still only playing deck-tennis. On the other side, rugger is hardly in the middle of the picture yet, and hunting is only at its early stage, and winter sports have not begun, even in Derbyshire.

THE Exhibition of Nineteenth-Century French paintings has been opened. The New Burlington Galleries are loaded with masterpieces by the French Masters, and what a diadem of genius they make! At a time when English painting was staggering under the Victorians, and looking faintly for help to Glasgow and the American Whistler, France was pouring out her great string of brilliance. The only one I cannot believe is as good as he is sold is Cézanne, the erratic Aixois. I cannot help thinking that Cézanne's genius was not created by the Almighty in His Infinite Wisdom, but by M. Amboise Vollard, the art dealer, in his considerable ingenuity.

THE staff of the Lunatic Asylum at Aix-en-Provence has declared a stay-in strike. There ought to be a chance in this for the funny boys.

Mme. de Pombo

Smiled gaily through her long woollen-spotted veil. She is a sister of the Marques de Cortina, and a member of one of the oldest families of Northern Spain. Five close relatives of her are held as hostages by the Government

Baronne Josette de Vivario

Mme. Gisele Mouton's lovely daughter announced her engagement last week to M. Albert Henri Merle d'Aubigne; they are being married in Paris this month. Her father is Baron Maurice de Vivario

Miss Sally Banbury

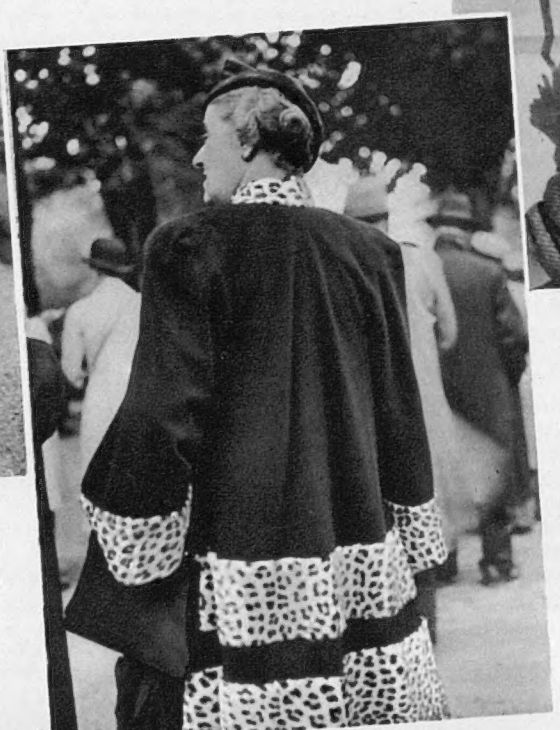
Was on her way to London from Cannes; was photographed in the Rue Cambon after lunch. Her brother is the new Lord Banbury, having succeeded on the death of his grandfather, the first baron

Talking of the Franc . . .

A Social View of Devaluation Week in Paris

Miss Leary and M. Beltran-Masses

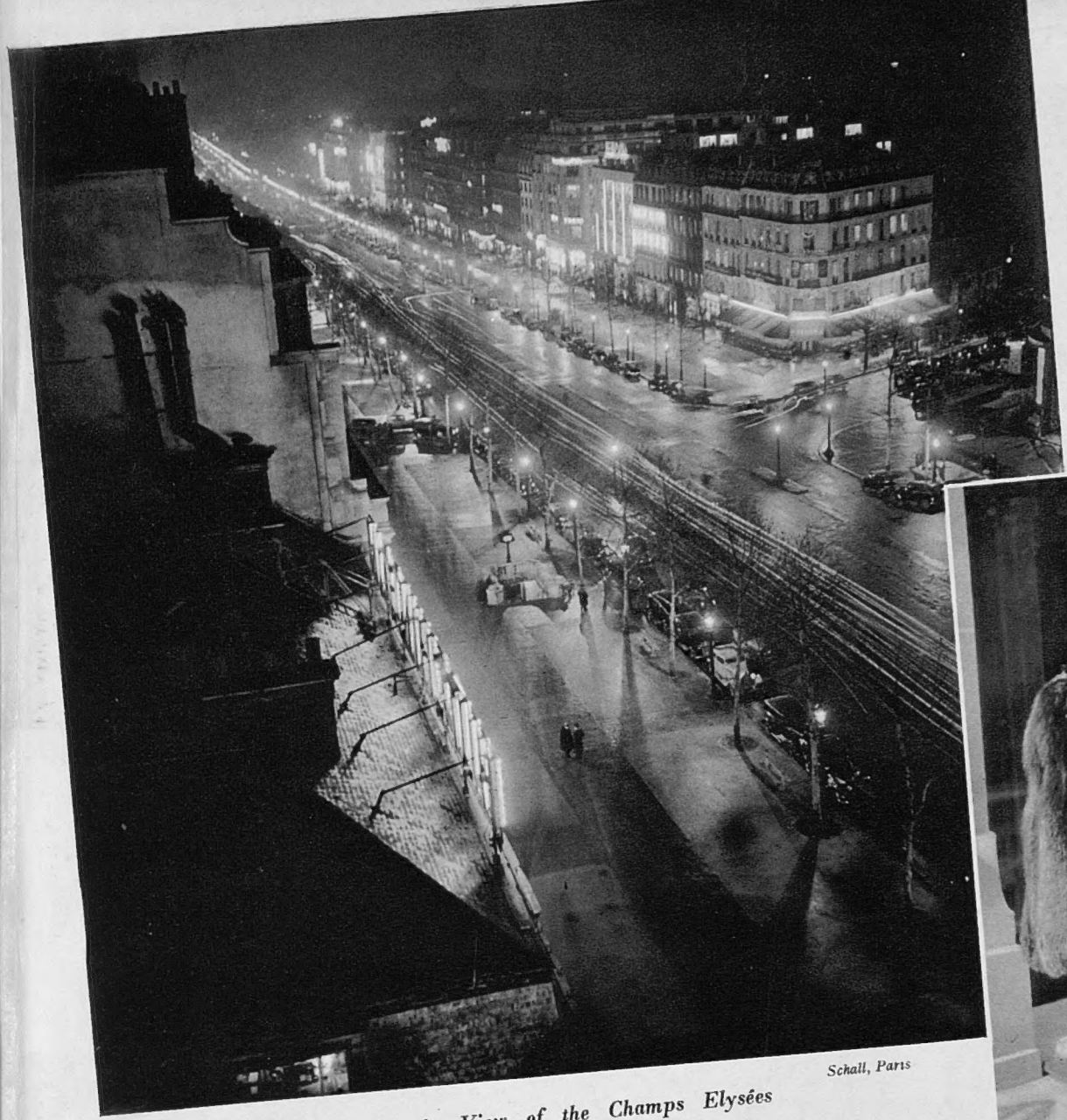
Miss Beth Leary had just got back from Biarritz; she was going to lunch with M. Frederico Beltran-Masses, the great Spanish painter. He has been on a painting cruise in the East. He gave an exhibition in London three years ago



Princess Hohenlohe

Another en route picture—Princess Hohenlohe has been in Hungary, and had stopped in Paris on her way to London, where she has taken a house for some time

Left: back view of Princesse de Faucigny-Lucinge, taken at the Prix Henry Delamarre at Longchamps. France's leading woman-owner has had many racing successes this season



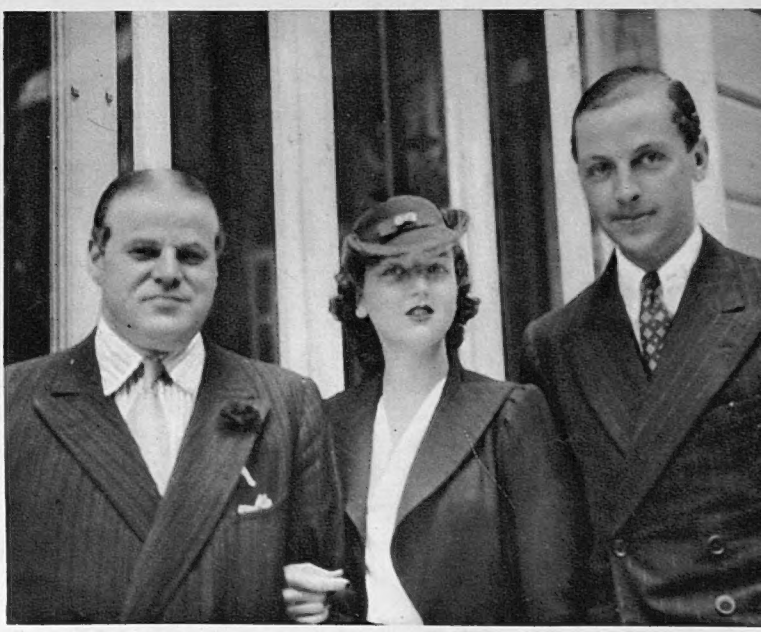
Schall, Paris

Night View of the Champs Elysées

Below : Princess Karem of Karputhala and Mme. Antenor Patiño had been lunching at Paris's newest hotel. Mme. Patiño, formerly Princess Maria-Christian of Bourbon, is the eldest daughter of the Duc de Durcal ; her husband is the son of the Bolivian Minister in Paris

Mrs. John Moffat and Mme. Patenôtre

Mrs. John Moffat and Mme. Raymond Patenôtre had been lunching together. The latter's husband is deputé for Rambouillet, and has always been a leader of the devaluation party in France. Mrs. Moffat's husband is Scottish, and she is American—from Philadelphia



Mr. Ausnit, Miss Owen, Sir Robert Throckmorton

M. Max Ausnit, the Roumanian oil king, had a villa at Biarritz this year, and had just returned from there, and so had attractive Florrie Owen, whose father, Richard Owen, has lived in Paris for thirty years

Sir Arthur Wilmot and Miss Pamela Garrard

Left: Sir Arthur Wilmot, Bt., the Black Watch, of Alresford Grange, Colchester, and Miss Pamela Garrard, twin daughter of Major and Mrs. Garrard, of Welton Place, Daventry, were married at St. Mark's, North Audley Street, last Thursday. Sir Arthur Wilmot is the son of the late Capt. Sir Ralph Wilmot and Lady Ada Nield

Right: Major Lionel Bootle - Wilbraham, Coldstream Guards, of Coldharbour, Andover, Hants., and Miss Ann Quilter, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Percy Quilter, of 80, Eaton Square, S.W.1, were married at the Royal Military Chapel, Wellington Barracks

Major Bootle-Wilbraham and Miss Ann Quilter

Going Out to Goings-On

The "Bystander" Records the Social Round

We Never Let Go

WE took Sophie Tucker to our English hearts when she first arrived and we have never "let go." She is so much more than a Red-hot Momma. From that title you get so small an impression of the kindly, big-hearted, golden-haired Jewess who works all the year round, and makes, on average, £1000 a week.

When Sophie reappears in London, wherever it may be, she is sure of a very big hand from a really affectionate as well as an admiring audience. May her shadow never grow less!

A Family Party

ON her opening night we saw country cousins, as they have now become, like the young John Masons, unusual late-nighters like Captain and Mrs. Humphrey Butler, stage stars who "never go out," like Jack Buchanan, an enormous family party of Raphaels with "kinsmen" like the Tennyson d'Eyncourts attached. Mrs. Tennyson d'Eyncourt, incidentally, was one of the prettiest young women in the room.

There was an unknown "lovely" in pleated white chiffon with trappings of gold, and a complicated coiffeur of gold curls, who excited everyone's interest: a film starlet was our own conjecture.

Never Mind the Weather

THE country house habit grows and grows, and Lord and Lady Plunket, who for several years have leased a furnished house somewhere not too far from London, now contemplate buying one of their own.

Week-end visitors, either by the day or from Saturday to Monday, are grateful for this form of entertaining, and are easy to amuse and usually quite indifferent to the weather.

At Hedsor Park, Bourne End, which the Plunkets vacated last week, they had a house full of staying or calling visitors last Sunday.

There was lovely Lady Elizabeth Paget, playing tennis in grey linen slacks and a jacket of rust-coloured suède; Lady Long in pale beige tweed, responsible for a slightly quarrelsome little Peke that matched her suit; that very pretty girl, Mrs. Vivienne Emanuel, who taught us how to play monopoly; and Mrs. Peter Thursby, who arrived at tea-time with her husband and brother-in-law.

The hostess's bright purple pyjamas were heaven. She is one of the few people who can wear every colour in the rainbow and convince you that it is *the* colour everyone should wear.

An Artist As Well

LORD PLUNKET is indeed a lucky man. As well as being the husband of one of the most delightful women we have ever met and the father of three enchanting sons, he is an artist of no mean ability—a fact that is proved by his portraits of Lady Jersey, Lady Veronica Hornby, and a blonde unknown, exhibited last week at the Army Officers' Art Society at the R.B.A. Galleries, Suffolk Street, S.W.

A Hollywood "Informal"

YOU have only to meet Marlene Dietrich at close quarters to snatch at the flower or bird that you perched in your hair with such pleasure a few minutes before and stamp it underfoot.

This happened a few nights ago when Constance Collier gave what is known in Hollywood as an "informal," the first party of its kind in London.

What the word "informal" stands for is just this: dinner as late as nine-thirty or ten o'clock, a not-too-pompous meal (on this occasion the mushroom cream soup, fried sole, cold partridges, were perfection), and people wear just what they please. Tails or flannels, evening dress or last summer's imprimé.

Out Before the Milk

AFTER dinner you sit around on the floor (if there isn't a chair) and conversation agreeably fills in the interval until about midnight, when the stars fly off to bed. Heavens, they are all up and off to their studios before the milkman so much as leaves his bottles at our door!

At Miss Collier's party, Mrs. Raymond Massey dined, her husband came in later straight from the studio; the Geoffrey Toyes did the same. Edna Best, in a lovely ermine coat, came on from her play; Mrs. Teddy Thompson, whom Constance Collier said really gave the party, looked after everyone and never even sat down, although she sells bonnets somewhere near Claridges all day long.

C. B. Cochran said very firmly that Marlene Dietrich is the most beautiful woman he has ever seen in his life, and we wholeheartedly agree . . . that exquisite pale face, that soft gold hair that makes decked-out coiffeurs seem

Phœnix First Night

Lady Anne Hunloke and Mrs. Raymond Massey were two of the most decorative people at the first night of "The Night of January 16th" last week. Mrs. Massey appeared on the stage later on as one of the "jury"

Dress Designers—Mrs. Vanderbilt and Thelma, Lady Furness

Mrs. Gloria Vanderbilt and Thelma, Lady Furness, were talking to Mr. Richard Burbidge about the presentation at Harrods of the dresses they have designed. They opened a shop in New York last year, and now have started in the dress business over here. They themselves personally presented their collection of models

The Hon. Ursula Balfour, Lord Kinross's youngest daughter, and Mrs. Eric Linklater were photographed before attending the Gaelic Mod. Mrs. Linklater's husband is one of the leaders of the Scottish Home Rule party

ridiculous, that passion-flower quality that is utterly undescribable.

Her high-necked, short-sleeved dress was made of red, green and white striped silk with a thread of gold interwoven.

The cabochon emeralds in a diamond clip brooch, bracelet and on her finger were unbelievable: that is, if they did not adorn such a mysteriously lovely lady.

A Pre-War Mae West

IT was with a lump in our throats that we watched Florence Desmond's brave, stiff-lipped little bows on the opening night of *Let's Raise the Curtain*, at the Victoria Palace.

Her genius in no way suffers from the tragic blow that she has suffered in the loss of the husband that she adored and the whole world admired.

Her imitations are as brilliant as ever, and she sings a lovely old-fashioned music hall ditty early on, dressed up as a pre-war Mae West.

There are some amazing Japanese acrobats, and a comic girl with Beatrice Lillie methods of being funny that we liked. It's good, red-nosed stuff all through, but we scarcely expected to see Mr. Noel Coward and the divine Dietrich in a box; a case of the ridiculous to the sublime.

A Farewell Gesture

THEY went on to a supper-party at Ivor Novello's flat, given as a farewell gesture to Noel Coward, who sailed in the Queen Mary last Wednesday for a longish season in America.

Marlene Dietrich, who sang at this party, intrigued everyone by the marvellous black dress she wore. It was worn off the shoulders and kept up by no visible means of support at all. Actually, a yoke of black marabout round the shoulders concealed a band of elastic that did the trick.

Miss Ivy St. Helier did an imitation of Miss Dorothy Dickson while she sang—an unusual form of duet; and the fragile charm of Princess Natalie Paley was enhanced by the black dress she wore. Miss Constance Collier, we heard, looked marvellous and showed no trace of fatigue, although she had been filming from six a.m. that day.

Other members of the Noel Coward Repertory Company sailed in the Europa on Saturday last, and Miss Gertrude Lawrence follows this week.

Well-known names in the Europa passenger-list includes Viscountess Tredegar, who fell a victim to the charm of New York on her first visit last winter, and Frank Rediker, who treats the Atlantic crossing as if it were the Southern Belle.

Ermine-Coated Bride

QUAGLINO'S annual birthday gala happened on Thursday, but we were engaged elsewhere and were unable to go. Every night is a gala at this popular Bury Street restaurant. On Monday last (and Mondays are meant to be quiet, cinema, early-to-bed nights), there was a family party of Fitzwilliams, Lady "Boodly" Fitzwilliam, Lord Milton and his brother-in-law, Lord Wharncliffe; lovely Mrs. Smith-Bingham and Mr. Charlie Mills, whose wife has been seriously ill but is now happily convalescent.

Ermine wraps were worn by Lady Chesham, Lady Phyllis Allen, just back from Biarritz, and pretty Mrs. Marcus Marsh, who was Eileen Fearnley-Whittingstall earlier that same day. Mrs. Charles Cartwright had a party which included Mr. Edward Voules, that good-looking young man who specialises in catering.

Marianne Davis, a pretty blonde with a deep voice, is having a great success there in cabaret. She was here in the summer and made many friends in London.

The Charm of a Voice

WE met her at a small cocktail-party given the other day by Lady Phyllis Allen in her Stratton Street flat.

Lord and Lady Delamere were there; the Princess Caraman Chimay, Captain Miles Graham, that popular American, Mrs. Wilfred Hunter, Mr. Homer Smith, ditto Canadian, and the Ralph Hankés. She is so pretty, and in addition to a good dress sense, has a soft and most attractive voice.

MISS PEEPS

Praise for All

Eight Women Who've Been in the News

Golf—Championship Finalists

Miss Phyllis Wade and Miss Wanda Morgan were the finalists in the English Ladies' Championship at Hayling and settled the matter in a 36-hole battle on Friday, Wanda Morgan winning by two and one. She was champion in 1931; Phyllis Wade won last year

The Stage—a Question of Money

Lupe Velez and Ruth Etting were waiting for the "Transatlantic Rhythm" troubles to be settled before the opening night. Lupe Velez said, "I am paid £400 a week—when I get it." Ruth Etting said, "I should hate English audiences to think I was greedy, but would anyone work without money?"

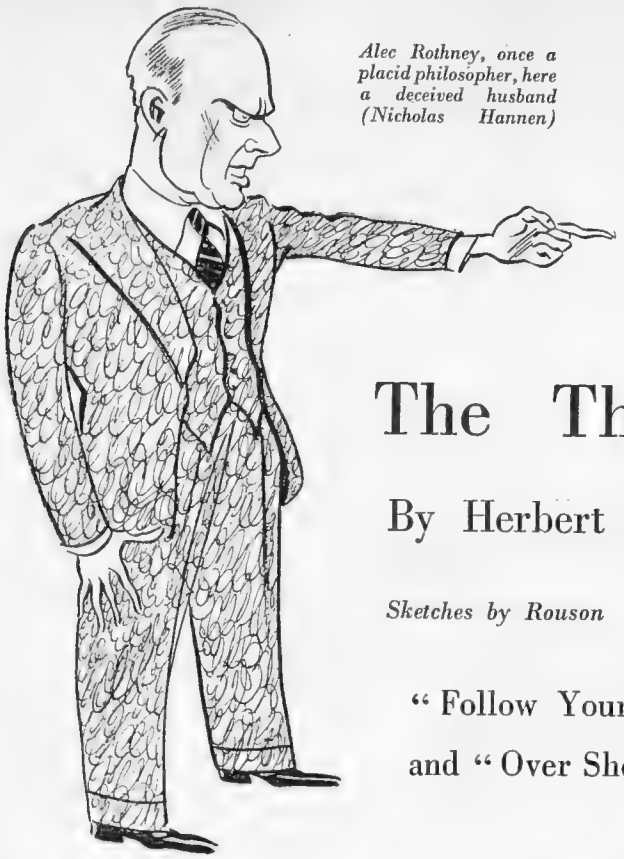
Below: the Countess of Haddington is holding Heather Realisation, Mr. Chapman of Glenboig's champion Scots terrier. This was at the Scottish Kennel Club show at Waverley Market, Edinburgh, biggest dog show Scotland's ever had; Lady Haddington presented the prizes

Below: Alice Marble of California, for winning the American Women's Singles Championship was, so they say, crowned queen of "the nation's feminine tennisseers." Then she had a long cold drink

The Air Race—Lady Guthrie and Mrs. Scott

Lady Guthrie and Mrs. Scott had just heard that "their" aeroplane had won the great Johannesburg race. Lady Guthrie's husband, Sir Connop Guthrie, entered the Vega Gull with which C. W. A. Scott and her son Giles Guthrie, won the race. Giles Guthrie is at Cambridge, and has to fly home to be back for the beginning of term

Tennis—a Drink for a Queen



Alec Rothney, once a placid philosopher, here a deceived husband (Nicholas Hannen)

Sinning wife feels remorse, but the snake in the grass laughs it off: Joanna Rothney (Edna Best) and Charles Hastings (Francis Lister)

The Theatre

By Herbert Farjeon

Sketches by Rouson

"Follow Your Saint" and "Over She Goes"

"Follow Your Saint" (Queen's)

ONCE upon a time there was a baby boy of twelve months whose mother (like thousands of other mothers) got entangled with a civilian while his father (like millions of other fathers) was away fighting at the front. The father returned home on leave, found out what was happening, shot the civilian, was tried for murder, secured an acquittal on patriotic grounds, and was then himself shot in the normal course of the war. Meanwhile, the mother, who had been hissed as she left the court, felt so self-conscious in public, and so anxious lest her child should ever hear tell of the tragedy, that she retired with him to a lonely island off the West Coast of Ireland, where she had him educated by a priest, and where, after he had been twenty years a-growing, she departed this life.

Thereupon the boy migrated to England to stay with ailing Mr. Rothney, who was his mother's cousin, and attractive Mrs. Rothney, who was ever so much younger than Mr. Rothney. When you have been told that the name of the boy was David, you will hardly require the further information that he was the hero of a story written by a lady novelist, for all lady novelists call their heroes David when they do not call them Peter. And what I have told you takes us to the rise of the curtain on the first act of *Follow Your Saint*, by Lesley Storm, at the Queen's Theatre.

David French, innocent victim of a husband's suspicion whose only crime is a little murder (Geoffrey Keen)

IF attractive Mrs. Rothney was not all things to all men, she was at least three things to three men, and that kept her pretty busy. To her husband, who was kind if creaky, she was what is called a helpmeet, which means that she ordered breakfast, lunch and dinner, and inhabited a bedroom all her own. To her husband's friend, who liked the ladies and sported a Hollywood moustache, she was everything that a Hollywood moustache is grown for, which means something more than a good wife should be. And to her young Irish lodger, who introduced a new note of idealism into Regent's Park, she was a saint, which means that she found herself in a position as disconcerting as it was flattering.

It is hard, you will agree, for a woman to feel herself a saint if she is so jealous of her illicit lover that she engages a private (and ultimately blackmailing) inquiry agent to watch his movements for a week. Her lover, certainly, won't call her a saint, though, reckless of eavesdroppers, he may call her many other things. Her disciple, though he may still persist in calling her a saint after overhearing the lover, will probably begin to revise his definition of the word. And her husband, as various cats emerge from various bags, will inevitably begin to wonder whether she is even a helpmeet, so hard to swallow have the meals she orders become.

REVERTING to my opening paragraph, you will be reminded that David's father shot David's mother's lover. This, if you know anything about fiction, should enable you to continue the story for yourself. Heredity being what it is, and plays what they are, it follows almost as a matter of course that David will shoot Mrs. Rothney's lover. This lets loose a stream of speeches so high-flown that nothing could save them from artificiality but frank blank verse.

The last speech of all must be one of the most remarkable ever spoken on any stage. Although the death of the lover has been accepted as an accident, Mr. Rothney, now on the rack of jealousy, insists on calling in the police, but before

Billy Bowler, brains of a very third-rate vaudeville act and guardian angel to two young lovers (Laddie Cliff)

he can state his charge, Mrs. Rothney, who is terribly fond of David in quite the nicest of ways, steps forward and announces that all her jewellery has been stolen. The task before her is to soften her husband's heart by the time she has finished enumerating the various trinkets that are supposed to be missing. This she does by parenthetically recalling the tender circumstances and romantic places in which he bestowed on her this expensive bracelet, that valuable bangle. Nobly as Edna Best grapples with the situation, what is supposed to be a *tour de force* inevitably concludes in a *tour de farce*. It is a tribute to the decorum of the local constabulary, if not to the realism of Basil Dean's production, that the policeman doesn't even scratch his head.

MODERN realistic production seems to consist mainly of lighting cigarettes, pomelling cushions, and toying with weekly illustrated papers. I don't know how often in the first act Edna Best (the wife), Nicholas Hannen (the husband), and Francis Lister (the lover) idly turn over the pages of ourselves or our contemporaries, while discussing matters of grave and serious import. You feel that if the house caught fire, they would insist on just one last look through the *Sketch* or the *Bystander*.

Geoffrey Keen, arriving fresh from Ireland, alone seems impervious to our charms. But he, of course, is a bit of a greenhorn, and when he confines himself to gazing at Miss Best, he doesn't know what he is missing.

"Over She Goes" (Saville)

ONE merit of Stanley Lupino's musical shows is that they do not aim at Beauty with a capital B. There are no middle-class ballets pretentiously striving to pass themselves off as æsthetic masterpieces. The décor is honest to-goodness décor that understands and keeps its place. If you like pretty girls and jokes about fish-and-chips and communal choruses that level stalls and gallery, Mr. Lupino is the man to serve them up for you. He knows, and not only knows but enjoys, what goes.

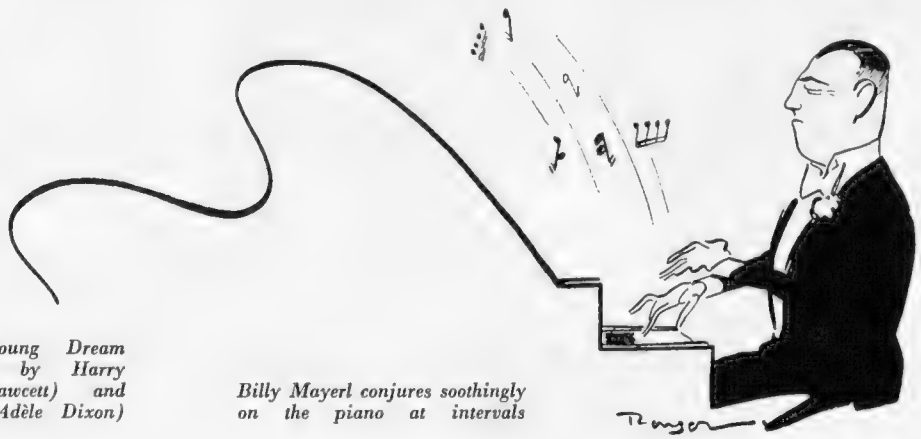
So, when he makes his first entrance in *Over She Goes* at the Saville, exclaiming, "I love you with a love that goes right up my spine and knocks my hat off," there is a roar. When he describes flesh as "that stuff they stick on skeletons," there is another roar. Mediocre stuff in cold print, but infallible when it emerges from warm Lupino lips. For Mr. Lupino is as spontaneous as he is traditional, jokes bubbling from him as indefatigably as steam from a kettle. Is not his very surname a somersault in syllables? One feels that in previous incarnations he must have made legions of Romans and even quite a lot of Athenians laugh, and that if King Edward picturesquely decided to celebrate his Coronation by re-instituting the ancient office of Court Jester, here would be a capital choice.

AS so often in the past, Mr. Lupino's fellow-conspirator is once again the horn-rimmed Laddie Cliff, their mission being to extricate Eric Fawcett from an engagement he would rather not fulfil. To accomplish this, Mr. Lupino poses as the young man's uncle, donning whiskers of such a dominating character that they temporarily render all subsidiary attempts at humour fruitless. What you gain on the whiskers, you lose on the facial expression; so, though they serve to bring down a curtain, they are wisely discarded in the interval.

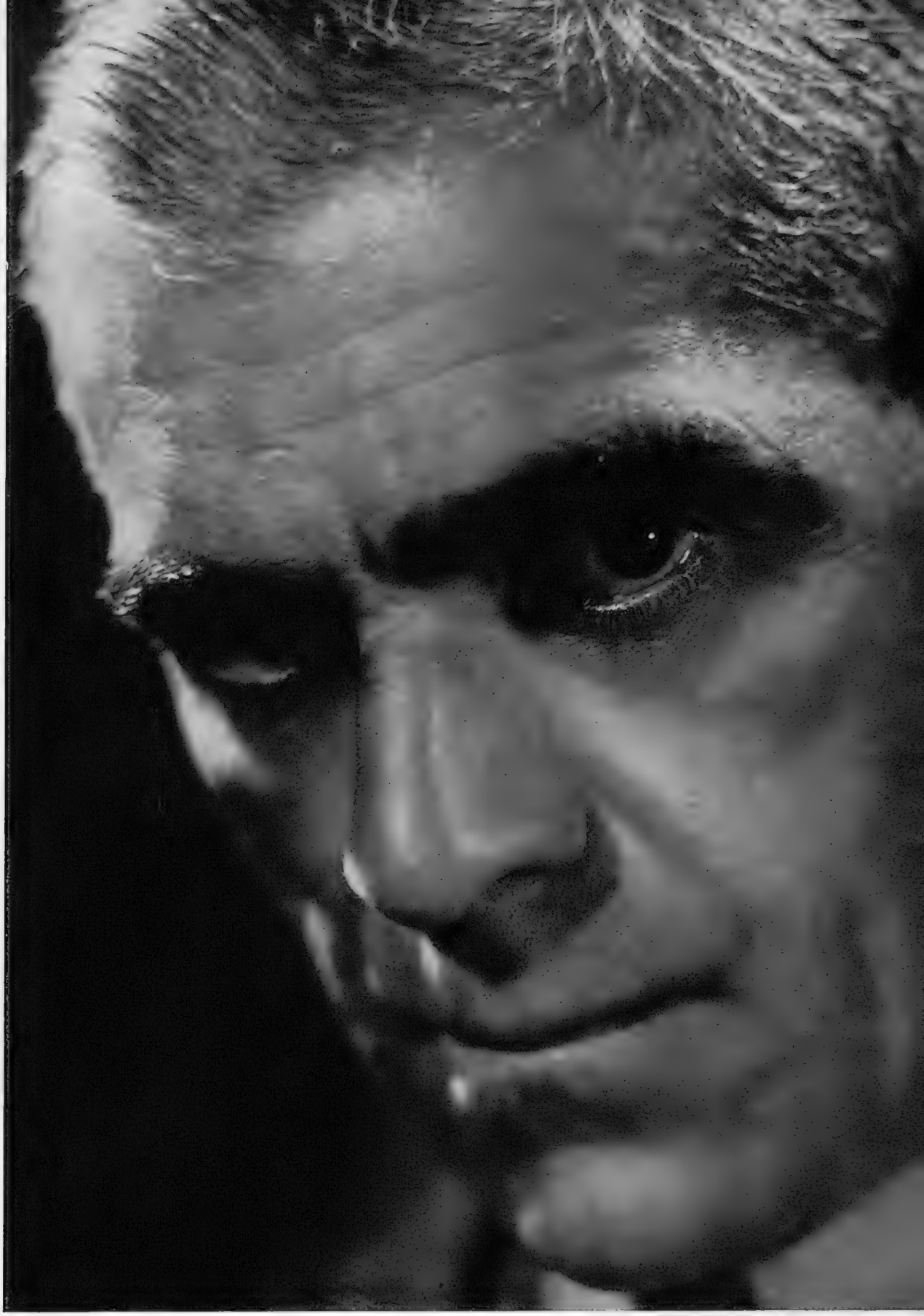
For the rest, this right-down racketty show is efficiently served by Syd Walker as a robust police inspector, Richard Murdoch as his college-bred sergeant, and various odds and ends of soubrettes. The surprise is Adèle Dixon, who reveals an unsuspected talent for dancing. A little out of breath for once, and with just a hair or two disarranged for the first time, we begin to realise that her good looks have hitherto suffered more than a little from an excess of self-control.

Tommy Tucker, another guardian angel (Stanley Lupino)

Love's Young Dream illustrated by Harry (Eric Fawcett) and Pamela (Adèle Dixon)



Billy Mayerl conjures soothingly on the piano at intervals



Photograph
by
Norman Parkinson

Boris Karloff Plays a Brain Specialist

Boris Karloff, generally cast as a monster, poor man, has a rather more gentlemanly part in *The Man Who Changed His Mind*, the film he made for Gaumont-British, now at the New Gallery. In this fantastic tale, he 's a brain specialist who discovers how to " transplant " minds, acts finely, and looks quite like himself. While he was in England he had another doctor's part to play in a film called *Juggernaut*, and now he is back in America experimenting with the stratosphere in a mystery - thriller called *Hell is Above*. Karloff has the uncomfortable distinction of being the record - holder for the weight of make - up he has carried : he once struggled through a whole film with twenty - five pounds of plastic clay, cast iron and false hair on his long - suffering head

Violin Disconcerto

The Three Wiere Brothers

Brilliant Clowns at the Dorchester

Photographs by Anthony

These three ridiculous brothers go top of all the clever clowns there have been in the Dorchester cabarets. Their fooling is the neatest and wittiest imaginable. What they do one just doesn't remember afterwards—a lot of inconsequent this and that, but brilliantly timed, original, and so *funny*. . . . They are German, not American (for once), and have a stage lineage stretching back generations, including a father who was a clown well known all over Europe before the War. They are all under thirty, and have been on the stage themselves since they were children. America knows them well, and they've made music-hall appearances in London before, but this is their first West End cabaret

The Exit — Very Complacent

Standing By . . .

A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

IF the promoters of the recent International Six-Day Bicycle Race at Wembley hope to establish this curious sport permanently and make it as popular in London as it is in Paris and New York and other capitals, they obviously ought to rope in the Beau Monde equally with the Proletariat. Round about 4 a.m. at the Vélodrome d'Hiver we 've seen the sleepy populace, bored to extinction with the monotony of watching a handful of crack cyclists wambling round and round at a snail's pace, suddenly brighten up as the smart night-club and theatre contingent arrives. With hoots and whistles and yells of derision and joy Demos welcomes the array of boiled shirts and white ties, jewels and silks. Leading ladies pause a moment before settling down and gaze round the tiers, entranced as in a cage of lions, while Demos hurls at them the choicest, crudest jests of Montrouge, thrilling them unspeakably. Ever and anon, to cajole the many-headed monster, some darling of the Boulevards will offer a sprint-prize. Then the cheers go up as the bells ring and the combatants in the arena, galvanised into action, whirl madly round in a bunch. If there is a crash or two Demos raises the roof with joy. Then the excitement subsides, the heroes below drop back to their old inactivity, the smart crowd leans back and sips its drinks, the populace munches its bread and sausage, the banana-skins and peanut-shells fly amid hoarse laughter and ferocious wisecracks, and everybody 's contented—the Proletariat because it can take its fling at the rich, the Beau Monde because it feels like the Vieille Noblesse during the Terror.

The gladiators below should worry either way. It is said that Piet Van Kempen, the Dutch champion, makes £20,000 a year out of these seemingly aimless circumgyrations, so there must be something in it for somebody.

Fane

EAGERLY following the course of a recent archæological scuffle over the ruins of Glastonbury Abbey, we were charmed by a letter to *The Times* by the Dean of Wells, pointing out that the Abbey ruins are under the control of the Office of Works, and that "the Trustees can make no alteration in them without the advice and consent of their architect." Which obviously means that if odd bits of Glastonbury's remains aren't picturesque enough, the trustees can't blow them up or pull them down without sanction from the Government.

The natural question arises: what is an Abbey? The English know better than most people that an Abbey is a decorative pile or group of ruins, great or small, covered in ivy, and so contrived that the moon shines through chinks in the masonry in such a manner as to awaken genuine admiration at the view. Glastonbury, Fountains, Clairvaux, Melrose, Tintern, and fifty more show-edifices amply satisfy this definition. Buckfast is a perplexing exception to the rule, being both unruined and full of monks. So are Cowfold, Mount St. Bernard's, Fort Augustus, and half a dozen more. Evidently, then, these places are not true Abbeys, and the Office of Works would not recognise them. Several true Abbeys are coming into being in Spain at the moment, and will look pretty romantic, we imagine.

Returning to the Dean's letter, we must conclude that good taste is the admirable motive of the Office of Works' check on trustees of Abbeys. If these chaps think they can improve on the taste of Henry VIII., in other words, they 're damnably mistaken. Good. Fine. The Office of Works might at the same time clear up a cognate misapprehension, common to large numbers of English lovers of the picturesque, who assume (too readily) that Glastonbury and the other places were originally built in their present romantic condition. They weren't, we 're told by a well-known archæologist.

"Der twisters—'Grand Hotel'!"

Toujours la Politesse

THE original of Mr. Midshipman Easy, it was revealed by one of his descendants the other day, was the Rev. Thomas Robert Keppel, a Norfolk rector, eighth son of the fourth Lord Albemarle. Having married on his meagre pay Keppel had to leave the Navy, and was given a living in the Established Church. He was an old friend of Marryat, who used many of Tom Keppel's salt-water adventures, including the famous triangular duel, in

Midshipman Easy; a work which in our happy infancy we were inclined to place a little above and before *Masterman Ready*, though the best critics, we find, disagree. One reason, among fifty-eight, for our preference was that all that exquisite naval politeness dazed, fascinated, and rather terrified us. We 've just looked it up again, for old times' sake. The Captain's steward touches his hat to Mr. Easy and requests the pleasure of his company to dinner in the cabin. As Mr. Easy is replying, a seaman coiling down rope touches his hat and requests Mr. Easy to be so kind as to take his foot off it. The master then touches his hat and reports twelve o'clock to the First Lieutenant, who touches his hat and reports the time to the Captain, who touches his hat and tells the First Lieutenant to make it so. The Officer of the Watch then touches his hat and asks the Captain if they can pipe to dinner, and the Captain touches his hat and says, "If you please." The midshipman, on duty, touching his hat, then passes the order to the head bo'sun's mate, who touches his hat and pipes a cheery call. "Well," thinks Mr. Midshipman Easy, not without reason, "politeness seems to be the order of the day."

A great deal of this mutual courtesy remains in the Senior Service, we 're glad to think. Where an Army colonel is coarse, brief, and rasping, a Naval captain will say with smiling urbanity, "Mr. ———, I should be glad if you would kindly oblige me (if convenient to yourself) by going to hell." The reason for these better manners is the tradition of the Navy, which goes so very far back—they salute the quarter-deck, for example, because the Crucifix once hung there—and which is mixed with the influence and power of the salt: an influence over men's minds and moods which sailors know very well but do not talk much about, though one very good modern sailor has called the sea the symbol, mirror, and messenger of the Divine, the consolation of the centuries. Next time you get a dirty crossing to Calais you might remember this.

Party-Spirit Dept.

PEOPLE who go a lot to parties should be interested in the Naval Commander's explanation to the Bench the other day. The Commander, fined 50s. for careless driving at 1.30 a.m., was said by the police to have had his left arm wound round the neck of a lady and to have been repeatedly kissing her, the consequence being two violent swerves and one narrowly-averted collision. All this the Commander vehemently denied, saying he was merely driving the lady home from a party in St. John's Wood. "I was not drunk," he added significantly. "I had had a particularly dull evening." People who go a lot to parties will gather instantly that it was just the Well-Known Ecstasy of Getting Away which caused the trouble, if any.

People who go a lot to parties generally realise, to do them justice, that their relief when it 's all over is nothing to that of their host, who probably hates them anyhow, and more than ever when consuming his drinks and food. We used to know a painter chap in Chelsea who regularly took a sudden frantic dislike to his guests at about 11.45 p.m. After

"Are you the gentleman served with a bun out of the Ark?"

glowering in silent hate for some time, and from various points of the room, he would order the most obnoxious ones to leave. If they refused to leave he would grapple with them instantly and throw them out. His studio courtyard round midnight was a maëlstrom of whirling bodies, of early guests being ejected and late ones fighting to get in. With these last the host, still wrestling, would exchange menaces and threats, but by the time he got well inside again his loathing had been re-awakened by the sight of more of the earlier old familiar faces; and so the party never really ended.

We 're wrong. There is on record one occasion when the guests got sick of him first and locked him out just before the well-known glare crept into his eyes. Having spent a pleasant evening with friends at the Café Royal and elsewhere he returned home very late, was twice ejected, and woke up some hours afterwards in Watford, nobody knows why.

And So Home

THE man we told you about a little time ago, the one who 's been occupying Blake's cottage in Sussex, has now returned to Town rather annoyed, without seeing a single fairy—unless, he says, you count something terribly graceful in suède shoes and a mauve jumper he encountered one evening in the village pub. He says he doesn't so much mind missing the fairies whom Blake used to see in his garden as missing Moses and Dante. If you remember, Blake met both of these personages, " gray, luminous, majestic, colossal shadows " on the seashore at Felpham one evening. Neither of them seems to have said " Good evening, Mr. Blake," or taken any notice of the poet whatsoever. Of course they were both pretty big people. Our friend had more or less made up his mind that if he met either Moses or Dante he 'd just " move " in a cool, non-committal way, like the Vicar's wife passing a churchwarden suspected of bigamy, and give them no chance to snub him or be upstage in any way. However, neither of them seemed to be taking the air on the beach any evening during the past two months, from which he conjectures that Felpham, near Bognor, Sussex, isn't the hot spot it used to be.

He has another grievance, too. If you look up *Milton* you 'll find Blake describing how " Los the Prophet took me in his fiery Whirlwind from Lambeth's shades, set me down in Felpham's Vale, and prepared a beautiful Cottage for me, that in three years I might write all these Visions." Our friend says the Southern Railway can't even do the Victoria-Bognor journey in under two hours in theory, and a bit more in practice, and its nearest approach to a whirlwind is a sort of spavined lope or amble, as of an obstipated camel, between Arundel and Littlehampton; which, whether it be the truth or not, God knows.

Wimsey-Womsey Corner

IT seems that the opening situation in Dorothy L. Sayers' first crime-play, shortly to be produced, is that Lord Peter Wimsey and his bride discover a corpse in the house in which they are spending their honeymoon. How the plot develops after that we don't yet know, of course. Two people who really love each other would naturally take no notice of the thing, beyond ringing to have it removed. It 's equally true that after the honeymoon they might bitterly regret their absorption in the service of Venus Urania, especially if the corpse turned out to be connected with a pretty juicy murder. And if another amateur detective had meanwhile taken the corpse over and produced a nifty best-selling solution, we can see the Wimsey ménage going very swiftly on the rocks. The detective world, alas, has no room for sentiment, as poor old Watson found to his cost.

Watson? You 've forgotten the incident? Really? Having been given a few hours off by Holmes to attend to his fast-dwindling practice, Watson (as you may begin to remember now) returned home one night half cock-eyed with drink and worry to find Holmes, mad with passion, striking at his (Watson's) newly-married wife with a presentation clock. On the carpet lay a dead Major of Artillery.

" Stop hit-(hic)-ting her," said Watson, dropping into a chair and closing his eyes.

" You get on with writing me up in ' The Case of the Seven Mothballs,' " snarled Holmes as Mrs. Watson dropped senseless, " *and write it good.* See? " Watson thought this over a minute or so.

" Any (hic) way," he said, " that 's my (hic) wife."

" And what a wife! "

" Well, I (hic) love her, or did."

" *Love*! " said Holmes scornfully.

Watson then dropped off to sleep. When he woke up his wife was in a nursing home and the room was empty. Nobody ever told him anything about the Major's body, least of all Holmes, and Watson was much too sick of detection to ask. So there we all are.

Tailpiece

(*a*) ONE of Auntie *Times*' critic boys on a well-known musical-comedy star in a new revival:

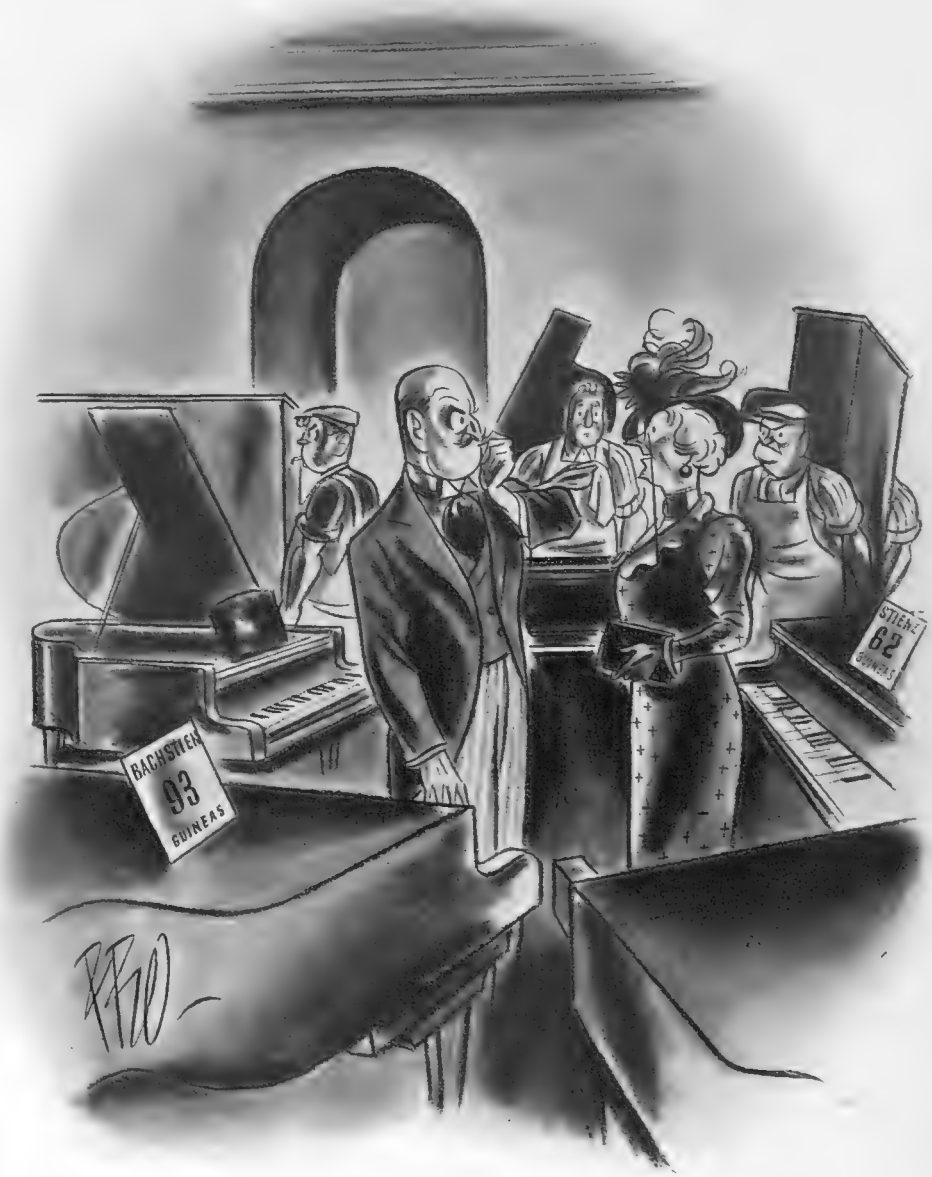
" Mr. ——, always enclined to be sacerdotal, is now an episcopal desperado."

(*b*) Conversation overheard during a recent country-house function terminating with a firework display, the *pièce de résistance* being a gallant attempt at a portrait of the Sovereign:

Languid Male Person: Not too bad.

Languid Female Person: Oh, decent . . . definitely decent.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



" I think perhaps I 'll just have a gramophone record instead "

Films of the Day

Sark — Background for an English Film : By George Campbell

It looks extremely odd, I know, but British film producers seem to be taking an interest in the British Isles. While the enterprising Capitol Film Corporation are maintaining the old traditions by sending an expedition 2500 miles into Darkest Africa—the Sahara, to be exact—two or three other people are taking a chance on Sussex, the Border, and the Channel Islands. If these daring experiments are well received there is a possibility that a certain number of 100 per cent. British pictures like *Cavalcade* will in future be made in England.

Sark, where Beaumont Film Productions are making *Toilers of the Sea*, sounds particularly promising as a background. Mr. L. C. Beaumont, the producer, is a son of the Dame de Sark. How much experience he has had of the film racket I don't know, but judging by what I hear of the place, and what I remember of Hugo's story, it is the sort of subject from which Robert Flaherty would evolve one of the half-fictional, half-documentary classics of the screen like *Grass*, *White Shadows in the South Seas*, and *Man of Aran*.

A queer little place, Sark. Its five or six hundred people still live in a feudal atmosphere, not subject, like you and me, to laws passed by the Parliament at Westminster. Queen Elizabeth granted the island to Sir Helier de Cartaret in 1570; none of his successors' privileges has ever been annulled, and the island is practically an independent State within the Empire, owing only allegiance to the Crown. One of the Seigneur's rights is that nobody else is allowed to keep pigeons, owing to the damage they were supposed to do to crops. There is also the Droit de Moulin, whereby tenants must have their corn ground at the Seignurial mill. Moreover, the Virgin Queen ordained that only the Seigneur should be allowed to keep a female dog—a law strictly enforced by twenty-one successive Seigneurs of Sark, though don't ask me why, because I can't tell you.

Queen Elizabeth's grant stipulated that the island should be divided among forty families. The head of each is the "tenant" and is still addressed as Sieur. The present representatives of the forty, together with the Seneschal (Judge), the Greffier (Clerk of the Court), and the Prevot (Sheriff) constitute the Chief Plaids, or Parliament, and meet three times a year in the presence of the Seigneur, or his legally appointed proxy. It has the power to make new laws and regulations, and levy the necessary taxation, always with the Seigneur's consent.

All cereals grown on the island are subject to seigneurial tithes, and no man may harvest his crops until these have been collected. He has to notify the Seigneur forty-eight hours before he intends carting so that somebody may be sent to the fields to count every sheaf, and see that every tenth sheaf is set aside for the Seigneur. Each of the forty tenants also pays a yearly tithe, or "rente" on his property, and the old chimney tax—called "poulage" because it is paid in live chickens—is still in force.

There is only one village on Sark. There are no golf courses, no electric light, no motor-cars, and no places of entertainment. The cast of *Toilers of the Sea*—Mary Lawson is the heroine—will have no distractions, and the director will have none of the difficulties commonly encountered in England, where it may be necessary to suspend the shooting of Dick Turpin's Ride to York while traffic roars by on the Great North Road, and re-make an execution in the Bloody Tower because a couple of hoots from a tug's syren have slipped into the sound track. Mr. Beaumont's troubles will be those of the characters depicted in the book. The rocks of Sark are just as dangerous as when Hugo wrote, and the seas at this time of year are often very heavy. Consequently the job of piling the paddle-steamer Durande on the rocks between the two pinnacles known as the Big and Little Douvre, so that when the tide falls twenty feet or so she will remain suspended in mid-air, calls for skill and daring.

To make things worse, Mr. Beaumont searched the English coast, but could find no wooden paddle steamer of the type required. Finally, he had to compromise by choosing the steam-drifter Lilith, used for hunting submarines during the war. The old tub is now being reconstructed and fitted with paddles, and, when completed, will look exactly like Hugo's Durande. Altogether an interesting setting for a great story—all of which is no guarantee that the film will not be cheese. That's up to Mr. Beaumont, and I gather he's already finding it a tough assignment.

The Headwaiter and the Rich Guest in "Savoy-Hotel 217"

A luxury hotel in pre-war Moscow is the setting of the new film drama at the Curzon. Hans Albers and Brigitte Horney, both famous Continental actors, play the chief parts—he as a head-waiter whom no woman can resist, she as a rich guest—and there is a very strong supporting cast. Gusti Huber (who plays the chambermaid) has made a big success in Germany. Gustav Ucicky directed; his "Refugees" and "Das Madchen Johanna" were both shown at the Curzon some time back

If I have been rambling on instead of talking about the new pictures, that is because so few of them call for comment. By far the best is *My Man Godfrey*, a slightly crazy comedy starring William Powell and Carole Lombard. It is wittily written, smoothly acted, and brilliantly directed by Gregory La Cava, and, with the possible exception of *Mr. Deeds*, I have enjoyed nothing more this year. The King, I see, had a copy sent up to Balmoral, and, knowing something of his taste in films, I'll wager he found it entertaining.

Luise Rainer is perhaps the most interesting actress in Hollywood. She might, if she stays there, become one of its greatest stars. Small, slight, dark, with luminous eyes and a sensitive mouth, she has a personality and acting talent that Hollywood might waste but couldn't destroy, a heavenly sense of comedy, and with it the capacity to move her audience deeply. She has only made two films since she left Vienna, where she was born and had already made her reputation on the stage. The first was *Escapade*, American version of the Austrian *Maskerade*; the second was *The Great Ziegfeld*, in which she plays the part of Anna Held. Now she has been "teamed" with Robert Montgomery in a new M.-G.-M. film, *Adventure for Three*

Portrait of Luise Rainer

Howard Coster, London

Lord Lurgan in His Carlton Office

For a model of what a man of seventy-eight should be, take Lord Lurgan. Amazingly good-looking, spare, active, quick-brained, witty, he knew and adorned the spacious days of the past, and understands and works in the strident competitive present. It is easy to believe that there are few situations and no type of man that he could not sum up and handle with confidence and success. He is chairman of a number of companies, including the Carlton and Ritz Hotels; he lives and has his office at the Carlton. He is a K.C.V.O., was State Steward to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland from 1895 to 1905, owns Brownlow House and over fifteen thousand acres in Co. Armagh, is the third Baron, and has one son, William Brownlow, who is a singer of distinction

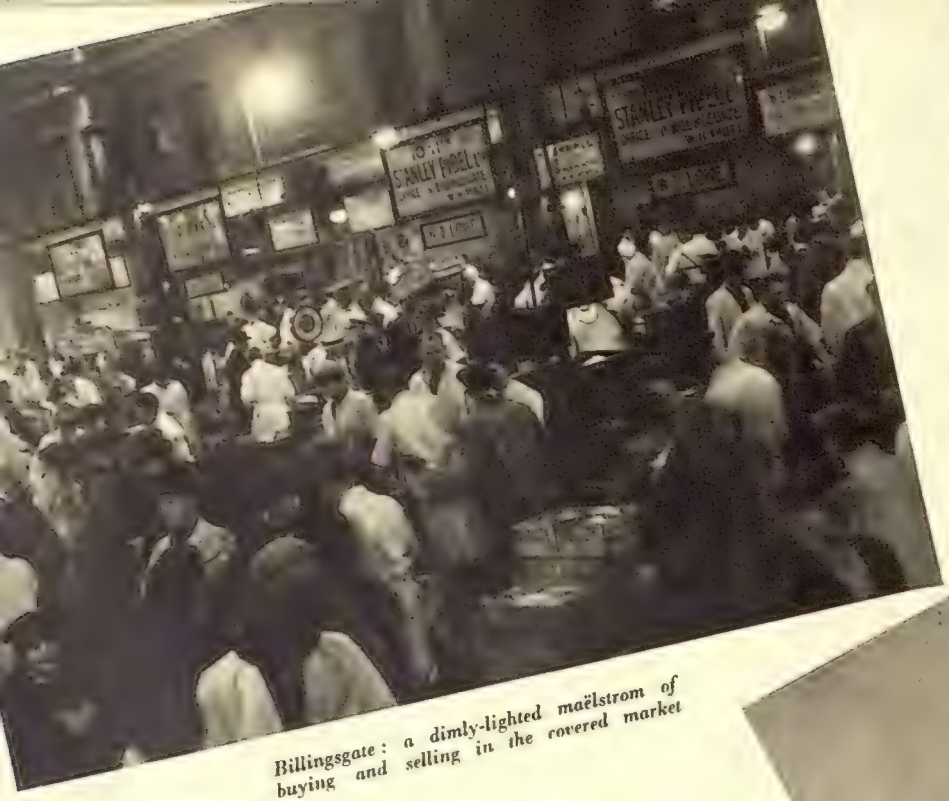
Above: the machines wait for zero hour. In the foreground (No. 6) is Scott and Guthrie's Vega Gull, and beyond it (No. 7) is the other Vega Gull, which Llewellyn and Hughesdon piloted.

Came the Dawn . . .

The Cold Exciting Start of the £10,000 Air Race from Portsmouth to Johannesburg

Below: the starter waiting to drop his flag for the first machine off, the Airspeed Envoy flown by Max Findlay and Kenneth Waller

Ten thousand people stood about in the chilly dawn on Portsmouth Aerodrome to watch the nine aeroplanes start last week on their race for Johannesburg and £10,000. Of all spectator-sports, air racing is the only one that has taken to itself the dramatic background of dawn and its empty, expectant, fantastic skies. Floodlights, the gleaming or coloured machines, eager and streamlined, and the dotted, hurrying figures of officials, pilots and mechanics, the accompaniment of whirring or roaring engines, and the prospect-by-proxy of a six-thousand-mile race across two Continents gave the waiting crowds something worth having in exchange for their night's sleep



Billingsgate: a dimly-lighted maëlstrom of buying and selling in the covered market

Covent Garden: Removal of Bought Goo

Fruit and Fish

The Busy Early Morning at Covent Garden and Billingsgate

Photographs by John Everard

Here are some of the "headmen" of Billingsgate and Covent Garden. The two with boxes carry vast weights of fish, something like a hundred pounds, on their heads, and wear queer protective hats on their hard skulls. The porter on the right is champion basket-carrier of Covent Garden. He has won the annual porters' competition a number of times. Fifteen baskets is just an average load to him; he carries several more when he is really trying

A Covent Garden pea-sheller: she and her mates work for several hours shelling peas and then sieving them into grades before they are sold to hotels and restaurants

Photographs by Anthony

"The Sleeping Princess"

Margot Fonteyn and Robert Helpmann in the Famous Pas de Deux

Margot Fonteyn

Margot Fonteyn danced the *Sleeping Princess* pas de deux for the first time at Sadler's Wells on the opening night two weeks ago, with Robert Helpmann as her partner. This is one of the great classics, demanding everything a dancer has got—technique, purity of line, brilliance, poetry—and the opportunity to dance it is a landmark in a young ballet dancer's career. Margot Fonteyn's performance gave the greatest pleasure, and set every critic repeating his conviction as to the infinite possibilities of her future. Robert Helpmann gives distinction and grace to his subsidiary rôle; he danced this pas de deux last season with Pearl Argyle. At Sadler's Wells black velvet curtains are an effective background for the white dresses, decorated with blue fleur-de-lys, designed by William Chappell

Photographs by Lenare, Pearl Freeman and Fayer of Vienna

Miss Rosemary Streatfeild

Rosemary Streatfeild is Colonel and Mrs. Henry Streatfeild's younger daughter, and announced her engagement a month ago to James Ritchie, eldest son of Sir James Ritchie of Crick Manor, near Rugby, and Mrs. J. B. Fagan, of Monks Horton, Kent. Miss Streatfeild's parents have a flat in Albert Court

Miss Pamela Deuchar

Pam Deuchar is the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Deuchar, of Inchdura, North Berwick, and is engaged to Edward Sparke Davies, of 28, Trevor Place, S.W.7. He is the son of Mrs. J. L. Sparke Davies, of Oaklands, Jersey

Engaged

Miss Delia Clark

Delia Clark and John Mackenzie of Dolphintoun are being married on October 24th at St. Margaret's, Westminster. She is the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wyndham Clark, of Berkeley Square, W.1, and he is the eldest son of the late Captain Mackenzie of Dolphintoun, and Mrs. John Campbell of Moray Place, Edinburgh

Jeanette Ruth Montagu-Douglas-Scott, twin daughter of Lord George Scott, of Kirklands, Ancrum, and cousin of the Duke of Buccleuch, is engaged to Captain James Stirling-Home-Drummond-Moray, Scots Guards. He is the elder son of Capt. and the Hon. Mrs. Drummond-Moray, of Abercairny, Perthshire

Anne Vesey announced her engagement in September to Roderic Armyne Gordon, third son of the late Lieut.-Col. G. C. Douglas Gordon, of Fulbrook House, Elstead, Surrey. She is the younger daughter of Lieut.-Col. the Hon. Osbert and Mrs. Vesey, of Albert Court, S.W.7, and a niece of Viscount de Vesci

Miss Jean Scott

Miss Anne Vesey

FROM A PAINTING BY S. J. LAMORNA BIRCH, R.A.

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C.F.H.

"Bystander" Short Story No. 58

The Calendar

Sketch by Molly Bishop

By Peter Traill

"I see you have a new calendar"

THERE was no denying that John Sullivan's wife was pretty. Many people had remarked upon her good looks when she had married John at St. Peter's, Eaton Square, some ten years ago; and she had taken such trouble with her appearance ever since that really, except for one or two crow's-feet about the eyes, a line upon her forehead which had become more defined, and a slight tendency to fleshiness under the chin, there appeared to be no great difference between the Diana of twenty and the Diana of thirty.

As she stepped from her Rolls, which was drawn up outside an expensive stationers', passers-by, momentarily irritated by the open door, were prepared to give her a sour look, and, without bustling her, to make it quite apparent that if their progress was to be interrupted, so was hers. And then they saw the trim foot, the neat ankle, the slim waist of her black dress that showed beyond her open fur coat, the white column of her small neck, and, lastly, her still oval face. Before her grave blue eyes, her plucked eyebrows, and her tiny mutinous mouth, they gave way a step, and she passed in front of them, touching her fair curls with a gloved hand, and leaving in the sooty air a faint scent, whether of the violets which were fastened upon her coat, or whether of the perfume which had been lodged behind her ears with two deft dabs, no one had time enough to determine. But the two or three men, who had been walking along the pavement without a concrete thought in their heads before her appearance, suddenly found their brains teeming like the deck of a trawler when the nets are spilling their catch; and they all turned their heads to watch her trim back as she disappeared behind the glass doors. Then they looked at the car, black and shining, then they appraised the chauffeur, tall and clean, and then they passed on, wondering who she was and what she was going to buy in the stationers' shop.

John Sullivan had stood as they had a decade previously and, though she had stepped out of a taxi then, instead of out of a Rolls, he had gazed after her as they had done; but he had not passed on. He had turned into the shop, had heard her name and address, had made her acquaintance the moment he had found a mutual friend who was willing to give a party, and had placed his heart, Rolls and a large proportion of his bank balance at her disposal without any hesitation.

AFTER a few years John had whispered to himself that he rather wished he had remained outside on the pavement to admire and to listen to all the fairy stories which his mind would have told his heart of him and of her. And this last year he had given up whispering to himself; now he shouted to himself that he had been a fool, and yet there was nothing very much which he could do about it. There she was, as decorative as ever, and apparently as constant as the topmost snowball on Everest, but just as cold and just as dull.

Times, almost beyond his numbering now, he had hoped that there would be a change from this meticulous form of existence. A small alteration, anything would do—even a ladder in her stocking or a smut upon her nose. Other women's stockings laddered, but not Diana's. Other women relaxed and played the fool, but not Diana. There she was, and where she was, everything went its way on oiled wheels. He knew now what she would do next, what she would

(Concluded on page 28)

The Calendar

(Continued from page 27)

say and, when his eyes caught the fashion journals, what she would wear. What she was thinking he had long ago given up trying to discover, but he told himself that it was a stone cold certainty that behind the grave eyes there was a space as garnished as a swept attic.

John would not have wondered why she was going into the stationer's shop; he would have known. Christmas was only four days off, and Christmas meant presents. On his birthday Diana always produced ties and handkerchiefs to match, so that it seemed to John that when he went out he resembled nothing so much as one of the truncated figures which stand on their stomachs in exclusive outfitters' shops. At Christmas she always bought him a pocket-book for the following year, and a calendar to hang in his study. In vain, after thanking her, he had pointed out that he did not use pocket-books. The problem of what to get him, if she didn't buy him that, was to Diana quite insoluble.

"You have got everything else," she had said, and that, so far as she was concerned, was the end of the matter. So John put them one after another into a drawer in his desk and when that was full, tumbled the lot, unpencilled except as regards the price, which Diana never rubbed out, into the waste-paper basket.

THE calendar, however, he admitted grudgingly to himself, was a useful thing, and it was certainly true that, left to himself he would never have purchased one. During the ten years Diana had rung the changes upon those produced by the Medici people, coloured prints of flowers and ships in various stages of rigging. This Christmas, as indeed, at any other, she had no idea what sort of calendar she wanted; but she put off the tiresome choice while she got hold of the pocket-book. She had no difficulty about that, because she always chose the same kind for which these stationers were the agents. That done, she stood in the middle of the shop at the end of which the calendars looked down at her in serried ranks, with envelopes to fit, and she was telling herself that she must try and find something different. Her own preference was for something like the Infant Samuel, but John had been so rude in 1930—or was it 1931?—when she had given him the famous one with the heads of angels, that she had left religious reproductions severely alone since then.

She was just moving reluctantly to her trial when a voice at her elbow surprised her as much as anything could.

"Hullo, Diana, buying yourself a shopping-list for Christmas?" it said. She turned her head slowly and saw a young, good-looking man, regarding her with mischievous brown eyes.

"Hullo, Lionel. No, the housekeeper does all that kind of thing for me." Lionel Cordon winced at her lack of humour, but Diana went on almost immediately. "As a matter of fact, I'm trying to choose a calendar for John."

"What a waste of a morning," Lionel exclaimed. "Why not come down the street with me and I'll give you a cocktail at the Ritz?" Diana considered the proposition for a moment or two, and decided that she did not feel strong enough to choose a calendar. In fact, that any excuse would do to put off the evil moment, and Lionel Cordon was as good as any other.

"I've got the car outside," she said doubtfully.

"Well, tell him to hang about and come along for you later." He looked at her and saw her blue eyes fixed on him. The thought came into Lionel Cordon's head, not for the first time, that Diana was a remarkably pretty woman. Was there a hint of provocation in her glance? He suddenly decided that there was. "Or better still," he rushed on, "why not lunch with me if you've nothing else on?"

"Thank you. I'd like to very much." Diana had made up her mind to lunch out somewhere in any case, and Cordon's invitation saved her the trouble of having to decide where to go.

Cordon gave her lunch, but whatever her eyes held for other people, he found no provocation in them for himself. Of course, she was very decorative, and having her as his companion undoubtedly seemed to increase his value in the minds of his acquaintances, who, one and all, appeared to be unable to pass his table without passing the time of day; but beyond that, he could not really say that she was worth the money which he expended on her.

THE lunch, however, had a significance for Diana, which she was wholly unable to appreciate at the moment. After it there was no time for her to choose the calendar, since her engagements, previously arranged, took up all the afternoon, and it was only on Christmas Eve that she remembered how Lionel Cordon had interrupted her shopping before, and not after, she had bought it.

For a second she was perturbed at breaking the habit of a decade, and wondered whether John would be hurt at what he might think a lack of consideration. It would be tactless, she came to the conclusion, to tell him that she had forgotten it, and she puzzled her head to invent a reasonable story. Most women would have had no trouble, but Diana had never taxed her imagination unduly. Nevertheless, her explanation, when it did come, was simple enough. She had, she said, not succeeded in finding anything suitable.

John regarded her in amazement. When a person has done the same things in the same way for ten years, and suddenly omits one of them, astonishment arises out of all proportion to the omission. For one moment, in spite of the evidence of the pocket-diary, he thought that Diana was going to become another being; the idea excited him a little. There were endless possibilities to it, but he hadn't explored very many before he found that her lapse was an isolated one and there was no sign of any recurrence.

Having successfully negotiated the hurdle, Diana put the question of the calendar, or rather lack of one, firmly away from her. After all, Christmas was over and there seemed to her to be no reason why she should trail about trying to do something which, if it were done at all, should have been done before. Besides, she noticed that John had taken the one which the coal company presented to the cook every year, and, hanging that in his study, appeared to be perfectly satisfied with it.

After a little while, in spite of its incongruity, Diana's eyes became so accustomed to its presence there, that she never even noticed it; and if other guests were a little taken aback to see such a monstrosity hanging on John's wall underneath a small Sickert, they either affected not to see it at all, or thought economy could be carried too far.

IT was not until the spring that Diana became aware that there was a changed atmosphere in the house. John seemed to have become very brusque with her, and the club developed attractions the strength of which she hardly thought possible. She sighed, and felt sorry for herself, but not a hair went out of place, and her blue eyes remained as grave and as negative as ever, until one evening when they were dining in alone—a circumstance which was now unusual.

Coming into the study before dinner, she helped herself to a glass of sherry, and, nibbling a biscuit, took a look round the room. Really, the house-keeper was a treasure; the way in which she did John's flowers . . . . Her idle thoughts came to an abrupt stop; she was vaguely aware that something was different. It took her a little time to discover what it was. Then she noticed that the coal calendar had gone, and in its place was one on which was a reproduction of one of Corot's more famous landscapes. She went forward slowly to look at it, and, when she stood before it, remembered that she had seen it in the distance among the display at the stationer's. The leaves had been torn off, so that the month was correct, and around that night there was a ring in pencil. Thoughtfully she bit her biscuit, and, as her husband came in, swung round slowly to face him.

"I see you have a new calendar," she said. John appeared a little disconcerted.

"Oh, yes," he answered her at length, "I got it to-day. I couldn't stand that coal thing any longer, and as you seemed to have given up the quest, I thought I'd get one myself." He helped himself to a glass of sherry rather hurriedly, but Diana appeared quite unperturbed by his apparent lack of assurance.

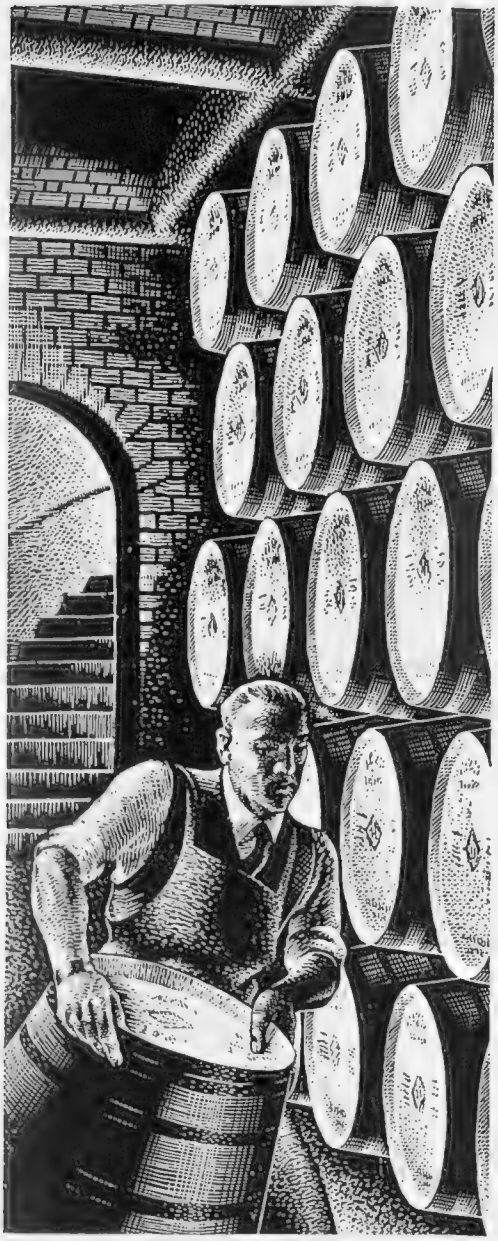
"You never bought a calendar in your life," she said. John shrugged his shoulders; it was a trivial matter beside what else was happening.

"Have it your own way," he answered. The butler came in and announced dinner, but Diana did not move immediately. She remained looking at the calendar until John, finishing his sherry at a gulp, rallied her.

"A penny for your thoughts," he said. Diana put down her glass with deliberation, and a flash of humour lit up her face, making her eyes dance.

"You can have them for nothing," she answered. "I was thinking how very unoriginal women were." With which she passed in front of him, her white back gleaming.

THE END



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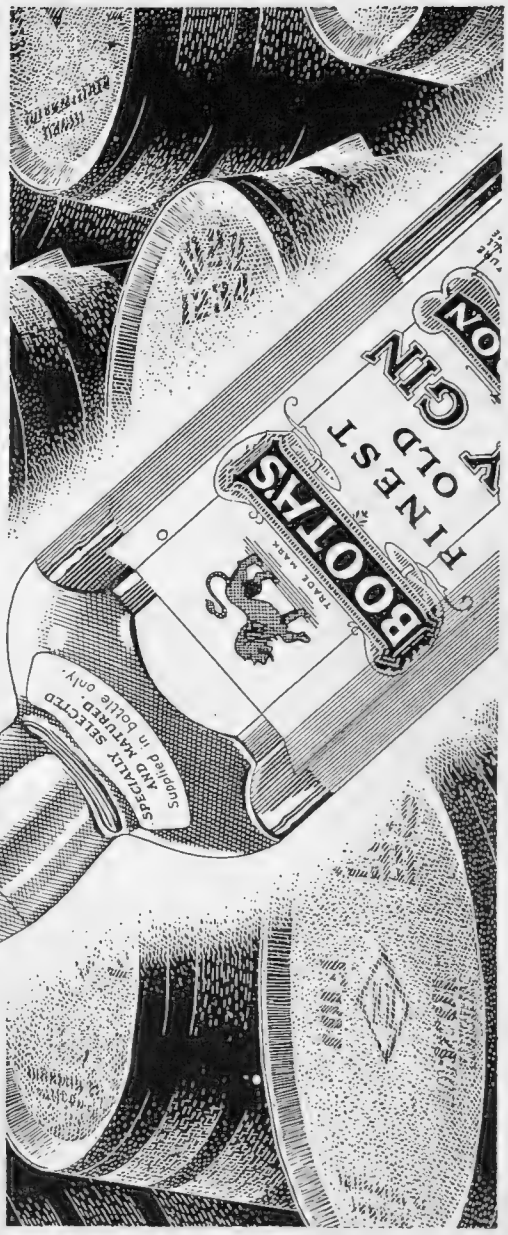

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The "Bystander" Bookshelf

L. G. on the Warpath: By Alan Thomas

THE more I read about the inside story of the War the more I wonder how on earth we ever managed to win it. Certainly after reading Mr. Lloyd George's *War Memoirs* (Volume V.: Ivor Nicholson and Watson; 21s.), the impression deepens that we should not have won but for him. This latest volume covers the early years of 1918. Much of it is devoted to the sorry story of military incompetence and intrigue. In the period immediately before the German offensive, when we were facing unprecedented danger, was there much "quickening of movement at G.H.Q.? Much hurry or hustle to see that no precautions had been omitted or preparation overlooked?" Not a bit of it. Even leave had not been stopped, which meant that 88,000 men who might have been in France were instead in England. What some might call composure Mr. Lloyd George stigmatises as supineness. Nor was French G.H.Q. much better. When, on the first afternoon of the battle, General Humbert, who had been appointed by Pétain to command the reserves, visited Gough's headquarters and Gough asked him if he had brought up the reinforcements, all Humbert could reply was that he had nothing except the little banneret fluttering on the bonnet of his car!

As to the use of the General Reserve (whose existence and mechanism, as well as the entire plans of the Allies for the year, Colonel Repington "disclosed to the enemy"), Mr. Lloyd George writes: "We realised when it was too late how little justified we were in trusting to the good faith and goodwill of men [the Commanders-in-Chief and the Chiefs of Staff of both the French and British Armies] who hated an arrangement to which they had reluctantly agreed. They used every artifice of which the professional mind is capable to delay and by that means to defeat the project." What a story! The only soldier who won Mr. Lloyd George's unstinted admiration was Foch.

On the civilian side there is one of whom Mr. Lloyd George writes: "I have never met any man during the whole course of my public life with whom I more enjoyed doing business." This is the Tiger, Georges Clemenceau, a study of whose character forms one of the most vivid chapters in the book.

In a section devoted to the conquest of Russia by Bolshevism Mr. Lloyd George suggests that the effect of the Russian revolution will depend on whether its leaders can keep their movement in the paths of peaceful development. But suppose that war be forced upon Russia from outside—what then? At all events, it is the future of capitalism much more, it seems to me, than the future of Bolshevism that depends on peaceful development. Controversy will rage—has already raged—round many of the incidents here recorded. But on one point we may all agree. In the gentle art of laying about him Mr. Lloyd George has few equals.

"TO MARY, WITH LOVE," by Richard Sherman (Faber and Faber; 5s.), is as sweet and simple as its title. It is a letter to Mary from one of her childhood's friends, a man who has grown up with her, was best man at her wedding and has remained best man to them both ever since—the old family friend. Of course, he was in love with her and still is. And now ten years have passed since their marriage. The couple have had their ups and downs—"affairs" on both sides, a still-born baby, financial rocketeering which shot them from a little apartment on East 38th Street to a mansion on Park Avenue and back again, when the crash came, to a bungalow on Long Island. These events are recounted with laudable restraint: and precisely why they are recounted is a secret disclosed only on the last page of the book. It is a sentimental piece, excellently contrived and wide in its appeal.

MISS ETHEL MANNIN wanted to go to Samarkand. But foreigners, particularly persons of British nationality, are not allowed to visit Turkestan, The U.S.S.R. doesn't want them there, and it is impossible to get a permit from Moscow. Miss Mannin didn't get one. But she got to Samarkand. Just how and why she did is recorded in her lively travel book, *South to Samarkand* (Jarrolds; 12s. 6d.). I feel that her golden journey must have had a good deal of the gilt rubbed off by the discomforts and squalor of travelling "hard" without a permit. Miss Mannin is an avowed admirer of the Soviet Government; but that in no way blunts her critical faculties. Her descriptions of the Russian scene are acute and vivid, and there is not a dull page. As a determined individualist she rebels time and again against the absolute necessity in the U.S.S.R. for conforming to the mass idea. There is a great deal more commonsense and proportion in this book than is usual in a book on Russia by a left-winger.

"LIGHTBODY ON LIBERTY," by Nigel Balchin (Collins; 7s. 6d.), is a farcical satire on the kind of nursemaid legislation which gets the goat of people like Mr. A. P. Herbert. Mr. Lightbody, a harmless little North London grocer, got run in for selling a packet of cigarettes after 8 p.m. His refusal to pay the fine struck the imagination of a rich publicity-seeking stunt politician. Between them they launched the League of Free Britishers, with all the paraphernalia of committees, Albert Hall meetings, poster campaigns and the like. Five million members were enrolled, and a parliamentary candidate put into the field. But the thing fizzles out and the disillusioned Mr. Lightbody returns to his grocering with the reflection that it 's a funny country, and it makes him laugh. This is an uneven book: it has patches of bright humour, but some of the fooling is rather second-rate.

"RUMFUSTIAN," by Judith Fay (Dent; 7s. 6d.), is a heavenly story with no earthly meaning. The cleverness which Miss Fay displays in this extravaganza is almost stupefying: it might well be read as an exercise for the sharpening of wits. The book records the adventures of the four children of Brigadier-General Sir Armitage Fustian immediately after "he had committed the final and most pardonable lapse of his career," i.e., died. Never was there such a quartette on land or sea: each (so to speak) is slightly more fantastic than the other. The publishers inexplicably describe the book as "a telling picture of the immediate present." It is something much more amusing than that—a farrago of wit, malice, nonsense and satire as stimulating and sparkling as a champagne cocktail.

Capt. H. B. T. Wakelam

The B.B.C. commentator on rugger and tennis, is the author of "Rugby Football," just published by Dent as the first of a series of books on sport, called Modern Sports, arranged by Howard Marshall. Capt. Wakelam is a great authority on rugger, played for Cambridge and the Harlequins, whom he captained in 1921 and 1922

Fashion as it flies . . .

by Elizabeth

Lenare

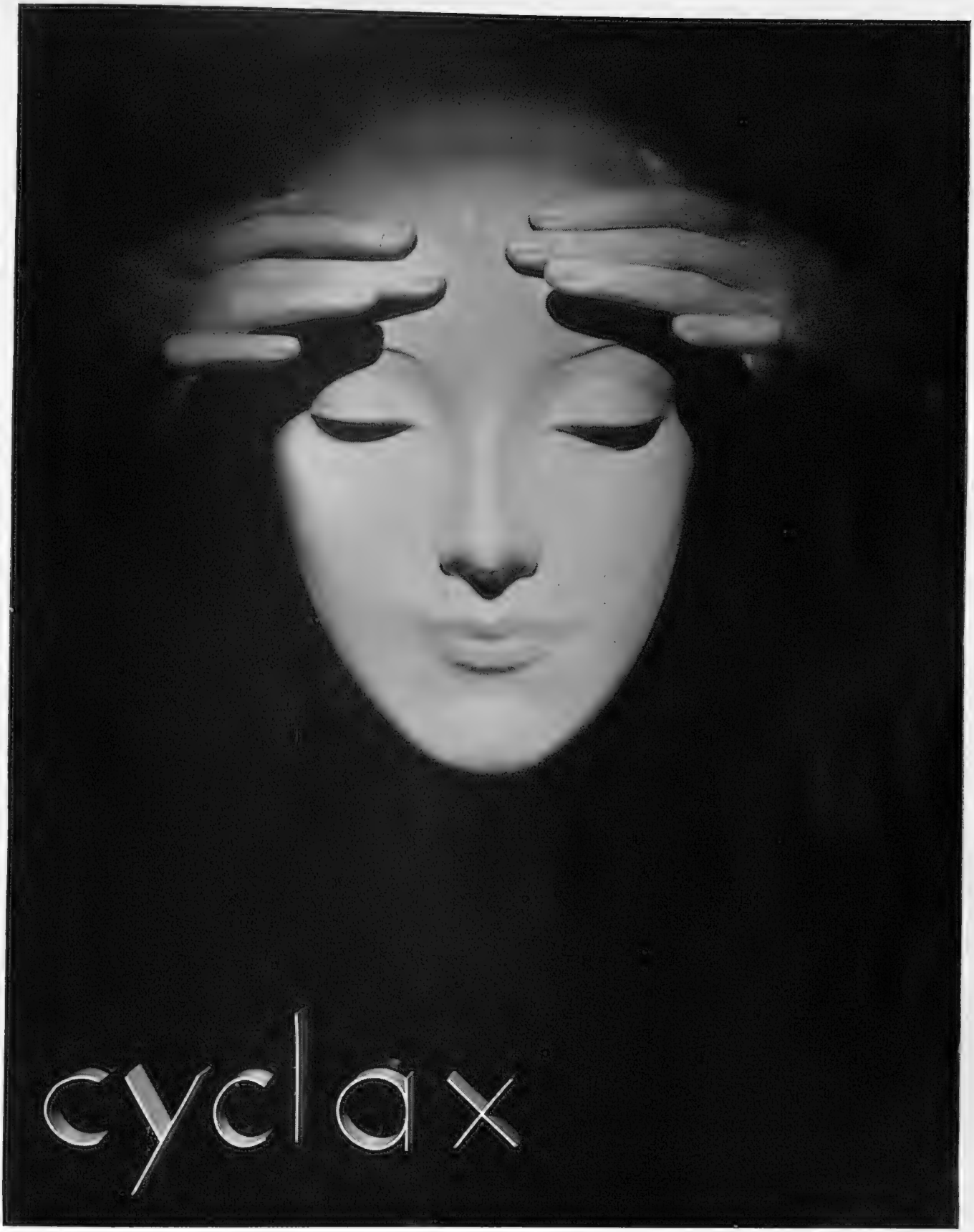
Picture frocks appear every season, but this year they have changed very considerably. Skirts, instead of being full and gathered at the waist, are cut to fit sleekly over the hips, spreading gradually from the knees. Fullness is usually concentrated at the back rather than the sides or front—a point which is clearly defined in the frock above from the model gown salons at Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street. It is carried out in "Diavelo," a stiff ivory tissue shot with gold. The corsage is softly rucked and shaped to the figure, while the skirt sweeps the ground. Kolinsky trims the low, square neck. Apart from the picture frock, skirts for evening are slim and tight, with occasionally a slit up the side. They are frequently accompanied by a flared coat or tunic with squared shoulders and military collar. Sometimes these are made of face-cloth heavily trimmed with fur

Synthetic Furs For Country Wear

Philip Harben

Manufacturers have become so skilled in the art of creating synthetic furs that from a distance it is hard to tell the difference between fabric and the real thing. A smart three-quarter length coat for travelling is seen above. It is made in fur fabric, cut on flared lines, with an adjustable turn-down collar and leather belt. The price is only 6½ guineas, and it comes from Gorringe's, in the Buckingham Palace Road, together with the model on the left. Needless to say, this firm also has a very fine selection of real furs

For spectator sports and country wear in general, there is the coat on the left in ocelot fabric. It is cut like its companion with a flared skirt, and may be worn with or without a belt. The full bell sleeves are gathered at the top, giving a broad shoulder line, while the collar ties with a cravat. Lined with crêpe, it costs 5½ guineas, and is extremely hard-wearing. Evening wraps, cut on swagger lines with exaggerated shoulders, are available in ermine cloth, either natural or dyed a soft shade of brown

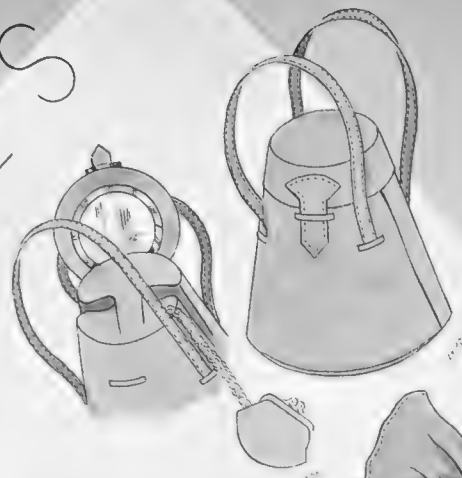


... 'Cyclax.' It might be written beneath the portraits of most English women who are famous for their beauty If your skin is not exquisite, if your colouring is imperfect, if your contours do not please you, then you have not found... 'Cyclax.'

Special Lotion, 5/6 & 10/6, Skin Food, 4/- & 7/6, Complexion Milk, 4/- & 7/6, Day Lotion, 4/6 & 8/6, Cleansing Lotion, 4/- & 7/6, Bracelne, 4/- & 7/6, Cyclax Soap, 3/6 & 6/6

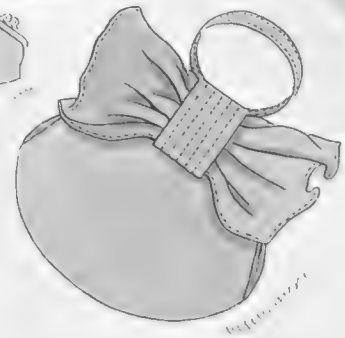
58, SOUTH MOLTON ST., LONDON, W.1, & 7, EAST 53rd STREET, FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

The Bystander Turns in search of
NOVELTIES
discovered by pete
pictured by pam



The latest thing in handbags is the lobster-pot sketched on the left from Walpole's, New Bond Street. It is made in polished calf, lined with moiré, and contains a captive purse. The mirror is attached to the lid, while concealed gussets give extra room

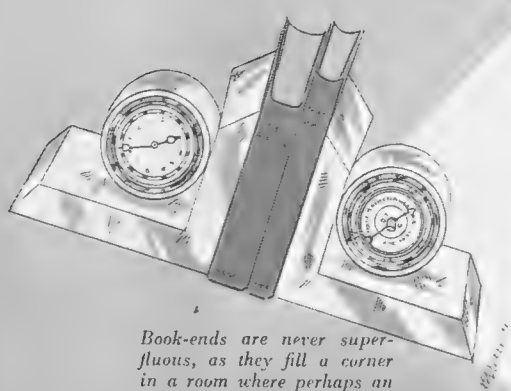
Something new in the way of crumb-sweepers may be seen at British Industries House, Oxford Street, Marble Arch. The one on the left is worked on the same principle as a carpet-sweeper, and contains a revolving brush which catches the crumbs. It is made of metal, hand-painted in bright colours



Black suède is used for this charming afternoon bag, which may also be seen at Walpole's. The flap, which suggests a bow, is cleverly draped and caught together by a band of stitched patent leather to match the handle. It only costs 35s., and is fitted inside with comb, purse and looking-glass

Many well-known views of London, including Westminster Bridge and the Tower, are recorded in this screw pencil which contains a spool of miniature photographs. It costs a shilling at Swan and Edgar, Piccadilly, and would make a delightful souvenir

A portable mirror is invaluable on occasions where the only looking-glass in the room is away from the light. The one above is part of an alabaster stand which holds a powder-bowl and manicure jar



Book-ends are never superfluous, as they fill a corner in a room where perhaps an ordinary shelf would be too large. The pair above is essentially modern in design with a clock one side and barometer the other. It is available in green alabaster, which is very decorative

Who could resist the mischievous smile of this sorbo monkey, an ideal and harmless toy for the bath? Incidentally, it bears a strong resemblance to "Jubilee," the pet monkey at the Zoo, whose antics are occasionally recorded in the daily papers

London Nights

Dinner, Dance and Cabaret: A Going-Out Guide Specially Compiled for "Bystander" Readers

WHAT a year! There hasn't been such a restaurant boom during the whole lifetime of most of the places we go to nowadays, and what they are all going to do for space between now and the end of the Coronation season, not even the managers know. As for extension nights. . . .

The Ritz

HERE, for example, you can't dance on extension nights. All you can do is push slowly round in order to see who 's sitting in the rest of the room, or under a distant magnolia-tree. Yes, the magnolia-trees are still there, in case anyone was afraid they might have been spirited away during the summer recess.

Actually the Ritz didn't shut for August, but there was no between-seasons' cabaret. The Café Chantant reopened a fortnight ago—the same kind of cabaret as the Ritz has run so successfully since it came into the supper market, and, in fact, introduced to London—three turns with dancing intervals between. Georges Seversky does compère, in a more modest and retiring way than most, and finally sings songs in various languages in a charming, sympathetic voice. He is Russian, and came here from Paris. Nina Mae McKinney has been here since last week, a most fetching creature, already a great success in London. At lunch-time the usual battle of gossip and smart clothes goes on. It 's part of London's gay-world routine, and as unique as the extraordinary and dramatic lighting effects achieved at supper-time, when the spotlight crosses the smoke-drifted air on its way to illuminate the cabaret.

Georges Seversky

Is a well-known pilot here and in France, where he 's an instructor at Villacoublay, and has been known to fly daily between the two countries to fulfil two singing engagements. Now he 's at the Ritz, and guarantees to sing any song he 's asked for in any language

Quaglino's

THAT it 's not the crowdedness of the Ritz at lunch that 's unique soon dawns on one if one stakes a midday meal claim at Quaglino's. Go in early; see the restaurant filling up; go out to telephone; look at those people waiting in one, two, three compartments of the foyer, and ask yourself how you 'd find them all table space. You won't know.

Quaglino had a more serious problem to solve last Thursday, when his seventh birthday party took place. A week beforehand he 'd mentally fitted eight hundred people into the space at his disposal; nobody got a table after that unless they

Birthday Night at Quaglino's

Mr. and Mrs. K. R. Bokman, two Norwegian visitors to London, were being shown the seventh birthday programme by Quaglino himself, before going in to eat and dance

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DANCE ORCHESTRAS

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STRIKING

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PEOPLE DRINK
SEAGERS
GIN
THE GIN THAT'S BEST
FOR YOU
TO-DAY—& TO-MORROW

CHAS. F. INCE & SONS, LTD.

An Attractive New Sketch of
Quaglino's Restaurant

were magically influential. Seven years at the standard he set and has held is no mean achievement in as fickle a place as night-life London. Marianne Davis, who sings at midnight, is another success. She 's lovely to look at, and has the right mixture of sentimental and racy songs in her repertoire. It 's her first working visit to London; it won't be her last.

Oh, and the flowers. . . . They really are lovely here. It 's amazing more people haven't copied Quaglino's so-right theory that they are the best of all decorations. They are invariably beautifully arranged, and the all-white birthday ones were exquisite.

The Grill downstairs, for dinner and supper and dancing in day clothes, and the Apéritif along Jermyn Street, for eating and drinking, are two more places under the Quaglino régime that you know about as well as anyone.

The San Marco

This is the sort of impression you get as you come in for supper: the band plays in that alcove, guarded by two Messelian "supporters." But the colour scheme is missing here and that is the San Marco's great charm

San Marco

THE San Marco, always full of people other people think amusing, celebrated the arrival of the little season by engaging Jimmie Rogers. He tells Dwight Fiskian song-stories at midnight with the piano as his partner, has all the American flair for turning his tale to a joke's advantage, but spares your better feelings rather oftener than Mr. Fiske did.

Oliver Messel, whose *Romeo and Juliet* film settings must be well on their way to London now, and who has just done the décor for *The Country Wife*, never made a better job of anything than he did here. You like this Venice background for an evening out better and better every time you come back to it, and, as others have pointed out before, it gives women every chance to look beautiful. Marlene Dietrich suited it well; she came in here one night with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., who is showing her round London. And the same night, Ann Harding, Evelyn Laye, and Frank Lawton were here: what a lot of staring . . .

Umberto, very sunburnt, got back last week from his holiday in France. Maurice Winnick's band is playing as well as ever. He chooses his tunes excellently, and is perfect to listen to if you happen to be sitting unchanged in the ante-restaurant and so mayn't dance.

Telephone: GROS. 1150.

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PICCADILLY PICCADILLY

GREEN PARK ARLINGTON HOUSE ARLINGTON STREET ST. JAMES'S STREET

Ambrose

He is at the May Fair again with his incomparable band and his own delightful fiddling

The May Fair

THE one and only Ambrose is back again here, and that entitles the May Fair to a steady place in your affections as *the* place to go if you want to dance. There 's nearly always room ; for once in a way the space allotted to parquet is reasonably proportioned to the space given to sitting, and extra tables don't come perilously through the air on to the dance floor, except as a very last resort. All of which is only right and proper when Ambrose is playing.

So is the return to a one-act cabaret. It 's a pity Russell Swann isn't still here, because then we 'd be justified in talking about the way he does the cage-and-canary trick. Even after acting as his " butt " in order to see the trick close to, we remain baffled as to where the thing gets to. However, Russell Swann has moved on, so that 's all out of date, and this week George Beatty—half-singer, half-wit, is his official description—appears at midnight.

The Dorchester

SINCE the Dorchester went gay—how many years ago ?—all its shows have had two things that people talked about—girls and funny men. The new show (called *Midnight Laughter*, and a three-weeks-old fixture) surpasses itself on the funny-man side. The 3 Wiere Brothers are in the very top class ; they patent a kind of synchronised idiocy which continually surprises a giggle out of you. They must be seen.

Pamela Stanley sings and dances ; Steve Geray compères and cracks jokes ; Magda Kun sings and takes off Bergner (they *are* alike) ; Lydia and Joresco swoop and glide with silent rhythmic grace ; and there are, of course, some girls. It 's an excellent little show, full of talent. Pratesi, who was at the Carlton till the end of the summer, is now in charge of the restaurant, succeeding Sartori. Jack Jackson, who looks like a young George Arliss in the distance, leads his band as before.

London Casino

" FOLIES DE FEMMES " deserves all the epithets in the film-publicity man's vocabulary—lavish, colourful, spectacular, magnificent—and after all that, very good. For it is excellent entertainment, either taken in full at dinner (7.30 to 11), or in its shortened midnight version, any week-night but Saturday.

The most talked-about turn is *Montmartre*, when " Choppy " wittily and naughtily paints faces on the backs of his models with most astonishing results. But don't let 's deceive ourselves—it 's the parade of femininity that counts, gloriously dressed or elegantly undressed to suit all tastes.

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ORCHESTRA
ARE AT THE
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GEORGE BEATTY
"Half-singer, half-wit"

EXTENSION ★ FRIDAY

'Phone Mayfair 7777 for reservations

Dinner at Quinto's

A corner of the new restaurant in Arlington Street which matches in elegance those new flats. The walls and pillars are all white, the carpet is a deep, soft green, the upholstery dull pink: the result is definitely good, the best kind of simplicity

Quinto's

BY utter contrast, you can dine at this new and very smart restaurant with neither music nor dancing nor cabaret to distract you from the higher pleasures of food and wine and conversation.

Very quietly Quinto's has added itself to the list of places where you will go over and over again. It is delightfully decorated; the moment you go inside the place you feel everything is extraordinarily well chosen, and that the food is bound to be good. And so it is—absolutely in the top class, and there is a particularly interesting wine list.

Victor came from Monte Carlo, where he left his brother to run the original Quinto's, and opened the London version in June, in the new block of flats looking over Green Park. He brought his chef, who has worked with him for thirteen years, and a special cook for Italian dishes, all "pasta" being made fresh on the premises. Victor himself hasn't been in London for thirty years—when he was a boy at the Piccadilly—but he has served half London in Monte Carlo, and knows what Americans like from several years as restaurateur in the States. Supper isn't served, only lunch and dinner, and on Sunday, dinners from 6.30; and you can go in day clothes if you want to.

Lansdowne Restaurant

THIS remains the only alternative to "downstairs at Quaglino's" for dancing in day clothes. There is now a supper extension, which means you can order drinks with your food up to midnight, and "consume" till 12.30, as elsewhere.

Brian Lawrence's band is still here; he plays really good dance music. There is also a quartet called the "Ginx"; they play tangos and waltzes when Mr. Lawrence wants a rest: you may know them from their broadcasts.

Oddenino's

TREMENDOUS alterations and reconstructions have been going on here, and still are—or were last week. What has so far emerged is a redecorated restaurant, with mirrored

Oddenino's—the Restaurant

This has all been redecorated with mirrored walls. The Brasserie, on the other hand, is still unalterably Bavarian: it must never be changed

LUIGI'S
grill
55, Jermyn Street, W.1.
Telephone: REGent 6373-4.
opened yesterday

New Clarges Hotel & Restaurant
Half Moon Street, Piccadilly, London, W.1.
THE rebuilding of the last section of the Fleming's New Clarges Hotel has been completed. The new Half Moon Street Hall facilitates the entrance to the Restaurant, Café, Foyer, and Grill Room. The Hotel is now entirely Reconstructed, with large and small suites, and rooms with private baths, every modern equipment. The Restaurant, Foyer, Café and Grill in Clarges Street, are famous throughout Europe for their Excellent Cuisine and Wines; and specialize in Oysters, Lobsters and every variety of fish. Cocktail hour 12 o'clock and 6 o'clock. Good car parking in Clarges Street. S. HARWATH.
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THE LIQUEUR OF OLD ROMANCE
Brought to Scotland in the days of Prince Charlie, Drambuie was valued for its rarity and its excellence. To-day this precious liqueur retains its pre-eminence on the tables of connoisseurs, and can be obtained in all first-class establishments.
Prince Charlie Cocktail, the Cocktail of delightful distinctiveness, is made with one-third each of Drambuie, Cognac and fresh lemon.
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walls and a new and pleasant colour scheme. The reopening night was last Monday week, in unstinted Oddenino's style, with presents for the ladies, a new band, and a new cabaret.

The cabaret will have changed over by now, but you can count on the band being the same—and for a long time, because they are so good. Victor Chapman's is its name, and it has no drums, and you must hear to know that 's a bull point.

Not half a mile from the restaurant is the Brasserie, well known for its power of making quite dull people sound amusing—to themselves, anyway. It 's just the place to bring your college friends and exchange life-stories. All kinds of life-stories have been related here. Ask Emile Biry—he knows most of them.

Bon Viveur

FROM now on to the end of this figure-destroying tour, you 'll find unbroken concentration on food. Contemptuously, cabarets are left behind, and a reminder that the Bon Viveur has a small band to which you can dance is nothing but truckling to weaker intellects.

There was a dinner eaten here not long ago, which broke every dietetic rule. Only two courses, but when you know that the first course was soupe à l'oignon, you 'll understand. Next came, for one, rognons sautés au madère, for the other, caneton aux cerises ; a first-hand report on the duck, which is a speciality, registers enraptured approval. The kidneys *looked* good. Then there was a fresh peach, and at the same moment the people at the next table started eating those large pink Bon Viveur prawns. We had to leave, or we 'd have eaten another dinner. " Why," asked the other member of the party, who 'd just arrived from Paris, " don't they sell French newspapers at that kiosk ? " A *Paris-Soir* would be just the thing now." It 's a good idea. However, this minor omission won't keep anyone away from the Bon Viveur food.

Bon Viveur Club

Artists either make the Bon Viveur look like the outside of a café or a terrace on the Riviera—that 's the amusing way it 's decorated

New Clarges

IN this nice peaceful room (and however full it is, it remains curiously restful) you can't do better, while the season lasts, than eat game. Start, if you like, with turtle soup—and there 's no better made in London—eat sole in one of its innumerable forms, and then a plain roast grouse or partridge or woodcock. They 'll cook grouse (this is first-hand again, and recent) so that you can't bear to leave a shred on the carcase, and all game is treated with the same wizardry. Oysters, of course, are at the top of their form here, and every kind of shell and shell-less fish.

Mr. Hawarth has some interesting things to say about Coronation preparations ; next May will see him coping with his third as a London hôtelier. About a month ago he allocated his last vacant room for those crowded weeks seven months ahead, and since then has been combing London for alternative accommodation for would-be guests.

Prunier's

MME. PRUNIER'S " On Prendra " service remains one of the most interesting food innovations of the year. To understand its niceties you must have one of the little booklets about it which list the dishes you can take home to eat—oysters, caviar, cold and hot shell-fish, pilaffs, soups, and so on. It also tells you what they are all made of, and how to give the hot dishes their last preparation for table. It is a wonderful idea, and every flat-dweller in Mayfair ought to know about it.

The other bit of news is the Prunier Trophy for the record catch of herring brought into Great Yarmouth or Lowestoft by any English or Scottish drifter during the October-November season. Mme. Prunier, ever since she arrived in London, has been amazed how we neglect the humble but excellent herring. So we do, and so we shouldn't, and the Trophy

AWN PRAWNDRA

You can't keep the fish out of it when you pronounce

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Prunier's Popular Parisien Pic-nic. Take home your favourite fish dishes (in most convenient cartons).

The rare wines of France will be delivered to your door (at a special discount of 15%).

Oysters all the year round, and all kinds of fish and caviare.

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LUNCHEON, 6/6 THEATRE DINNER, 8/6
DINNER, 15/6 SUPPER, 12/6

OR A LA CARTE

CUISINE PAR EXCELLENCE UNDER THE PERSONAL DIRECTION OF UMBERTO POSSENTI

Dégustation at Prunier's

A six o'clock view of the St. James's Street end of the restaurant, when cocktails and small fish extras are "on." Dégustation is event Number Two in the four-course Prunier day — lunch, dégustation, dinner and supper

(sculptured in Purbeck marble by Charles Sykes) is a really noble gesture, not only to us, the consumers, but to the herring-fishing industry in general. Three M.P.'s—Mr. Robert Boothby, Lord Elmley and Captain P. C. Loftus—and Alderman Harbord of Yarmouth are the advisory committee, and the Trophy is to be competed for every year.

Kempinski's

IF you're in France at Prunier's, you 're certainly in Germany at Kempinski's. There 's not a table without its long bottle of hock or moselle, or its solid stone tankard of beer, and the cooking is rich and plain and good and German. You needn't eat Teutonically unless you want, but the specialities are national—crayfish-tail soup, boiled beef with side dishes, veal and pork in endless forms, partridges cooked with cream and served with sauerkraut, goulasch—well, the menu is a long one, and the plats du jour offer a wide choice.

It strikes one as a man's restaurant; perhaps that 's the white walls and brown carpet and upholstery. The clientèle is interesting to look at, intelligent and cosmopolitan, and full of conversation. E. G. Kempinski, who runs it, is ex-manager of the Haus Vaterland in Berlin, and comes of a family famous as restaurateurs for seventy years. He has got Bieri as manager of the restaurant, who used to be at the Blue Train. Lunch and dinner and supper are served, weekdays and Sundays.

Approach to Kempinski's

The new German restaurant nicely fills that corner of Swallow Street where the Café de la Paix used to be

Luigi's Grill

HERE is positively our newest restaurant; it was only due to open yesterday, and last week nothing could be seen of it but planks and bags of cement and white-coated workmen. It 's in Jermyn Street, on the Sovrani's-Chatham Grill-Villa Rodet site, and is being run by Luigi, who has been manager at Claridge's and the Apéritif. The chef is Maccogno, who cooked for many years for the Italian Royal family. There is no band, and prices are aiming at something just below West-End average. Later on there 'll be a snack bar attached, the Friary, but not for a week or so yet.

The Perroquet

BELLOMETTI runs this small, attractive place in Leicester Square, where once upon a time Boulestin's stood. The food tradition is well carried on; the chef has been with Bellometti eight years, and for the fairly moderate prices you get first-class value. There are some amusing cold dishes—trout in jelly, garnished with this and that, makes a pleasant light lunch dish. And there is generally crême brulée, a delicacy one doesn't meet often enough. At dinner it 's very full, and table-booking is essential. At lunch-time you can be fairly sure of getting in and being served quickly.

Au Jardin des Gourmets

HERE is one of the Soho aristocrats and a great haunt of film stars. Kay Francis and Miriam Hopkins come often, and Marlene Dietrich, who sets the fashionable seal of the moment on anywhere she goes, has been in for a meal.

Specialities include a superb omelette, sole Timbale (with lobster and port wine sauce), and a coq au vin de Chanturge, among many others. There 's a good wine list, intelligently illustrated with maps of each wine-producing district. Wines en carafe include two good vins rosés, Anjou, Vouvray, and Chablis. Prices: three-and-six will generally buy you the main plat du jour, and the rest in proportion. The Jardin is open on Sundays.

The Cheshire Cheese

ALL good Americans go to the Cheshire Cheese, to the tune of ten thousand a year, so Mr. Wortham, the proprietor, calculates. It 's an astounding figure, but there 's more room than you think between Wine Office and Cheshire Courts, and as for the cellars, they 'd house a regiment, and are well worth seeing.

The pudding season is now in, and every day sixty pounds of rump steak, oysters, kidneys and suet goes down eighty or more throats, after boiling in a vast cauldron for sixteen hours. It 's probably the most famous single dish in London, just as Samuel Johnson's corner of the chop room is the most famous seat for eating in. The Cheshire Cheese has just been put in a film, which adds a page to its long history. Pictures, furniture, waiters and a pie all went to Denham one Sunday, for a scene in the Miriam Hopkins' picture. E. L.

Outside the New Clarges

Miss Chloe and Miss Camilla Buxton were off on a shopping expedition. They and their parents, Capt. and Mrs. Richard Buxton, often stay at the New Clarges. Chloe Buxton is to be a bridesmaid to Joanne Kavanagh when she marries Lord Kildare on the 17th

Lord Ivor Spencer-Churchill superintends the hanging of a Cézanne from the Moscow Museum of Western Art. This wonderful exhibition is open all through October at the New Burlington Galleries; it is held under the auspices of the Anglo-French Art and Travel Society

Private View

The Duchess of Marlborough's Reception for the Exhibition of 19th Century French Paintings

Miss Claire Luce, like the rest of the guests, was received by the Duchess of Marlborough, who was chairman of the committee arranging the exhibition

The Duke of Marlborough and M. Paul Maze cracked a joke together. Paul Maze is the French artist whose exhibition was one of the picture successes of last year

Sir Austen Chamberlain and Mrs. Philip Carr went round the exhibition together. Mrs. Carr came on from the first night of "No Ordinary Lady" at the Duke of York's

Mr. Frank Dobson and Lady Patricia Latham were two more of the private-view guests. The hundred and thirty pictures in the Gallery are valued at over half-a-million pounds

Howard Marshall on Rugger

The Question of the Amateur

A good friend of mine has been making public allegations about the growth of "shamateurism" in Rugby football. He insists that club balance-sheets should be closely scrutinised by the Rugby Union, with particular reference to the expenses paid to players. He mentions the significant migration of players to certain provincial centres. He touches upon the odd fact that outstanding players find jobs in certain towns where Rugby football is a matter of great local interest. He reminds us that at the beginning of every season a number of Rugby players turn out under assumed names in Northern Union trial matches, thereby flagrantly infringing the Rugby Union laws concerning professionalism.

Now all this is unpleasant and disturbing. I know the writer well enough to be certain that his charges can be substantiated. His purpose, moreover, is not sensationalism, but a genuine anxiety to render service to a great game.

What he has done, in fact, is to put into more definite form rumours which have been current among Rugby enthusiasts for many years. We have all heard tales of excessive expenses accounts. We all know that jobs and football ability quite often go together. And all of us, so far, have turned the blind eye upon these scandals.

Perhaps it is as well that they should be ventilated, though the reformer has some knotty problems before him. The whole business of amateur status in every game nowadays has become exceedingly involved.

There are purists, mostly to be found in Scotland, who maintain that if a man cannot pay every expense entailed by his Rugby football, he should not play at all. I can respect this attitude, but it has its drawbacks. It rules out of the game at once many of its most admirable players. It makes of it a class game, and to my mind one of the great virtues of Rugby football is that it brings together men from every walk in life.

I am convinced that players should be allowed legitimate travelling expenses, and I see no real harm in supplying them with boots and jerseys and shorts. It is all very well for those with comfortable incomes to snort and say that the real amateur would provide his own equipment, but in these difficult days we have not all of us the opportunity of earning good money. And equipment might make a big hole in the budget of many young players.

The important thing, to my mind, is that as many youngsters as possible should be encouraged to play Rugby football. I agree entirely that any breach of the rules as to professionalism should be most drastically dealt with, and that no opportunity should be given for a profit to be made out of expenses. Maybe a more careful scrutiny of club balance-sheets might be advisable. Possibly the Rugby Union authorities should keep their ears to the ground rather more alertly, though I dare say they know the facts as well as most people.

My own view is that an occasional alarm of this kind is probably healthy: if there are transgressors, they may be warned and scared into wiser courses. On the whole, though, it seems to me that the game is sound enough, and I have only dealt at such length with this controversy because the challenge is too serious to ignore. It does, after all, threaten the entire well-being of Rugby football, and that is more important than trivial gossip about the clubs and their doings.

Cliff Jones and Wooller

The two ex-Cambridge Internationals made their first appearance as members of the Cardiff Club in the match against Neath at Cardiff, which the home team won by the nice margin of eighteen points to nil

Mind you, some of the clubs are doing uncommonly well. Richmond, for example, have started the season with a bang, and hope is rising at the Rectory Field, where Blackheath are fighting their way back to success. There are, moreover, some fine players about. They speak very highly of J. Huskisson, a second-row forward who plays for the O.M.T.

J. A. Macdonald is in great form as the left wing for Blackheath, and he should go very near the depleted Cambridge side this year, which reminds me that just about now the Universities will be settling down to the serious business of team-building.

We find, for a change, that Oxford have all the stars, for Cambridge have lost such tremendous players as K. C. Fyfe, Cliff Jones, and W. Wooller, a triumvirate who have made things difficult for Oxford for the last three years.

Oxford, on the other hand, are captained by the sagacious M. McG. Cooper, a fine forward himself, and a man of ideas, and he has with him such stalwarts as A. Obolensky, M. M. Walford, R. F. Harding, C. F. Grieve, J. McShane, and a nucleus of lusty scrummagers.

Then I hear rumours of a full-back from Natal, H. D. Freakes by name, who is a player quite out of the ordinary, and a certain Blue in any average year. J. L. Stuart Watson, last winter's full-back, is still in residence, and there are those who think that the versatile Grieve should be moved to the full-back position.

Cooper's trouble, indeed, will lie mainly in sorting his material. I am certain he will make a success of it, and if he can find a really quick scrum-half, Oxford should build up into an unusually powerful team. At present, in fact, the Varsity match looks like a foregone conclusion, but this is perhaps just the stimulus Cambridge need. There is no more encouraging feeling than that of having everything to gain and nothing to lose, nor do I know any more satisfactory achievement than proving the prophets wrong. C. D. Laborde is the Cambridge captain, and I do not doubt that he will go about his business with common-sense and judgment, reminding himself at intervals that Twickenham is two good months away.

Harlequins v. Rosslyn Park

A Harlequin tackle in the match at the Old Deer Park which the Harlequins won by twelve points to nil. It was their first match of the season; Rosslyn Park had already met Blackheath

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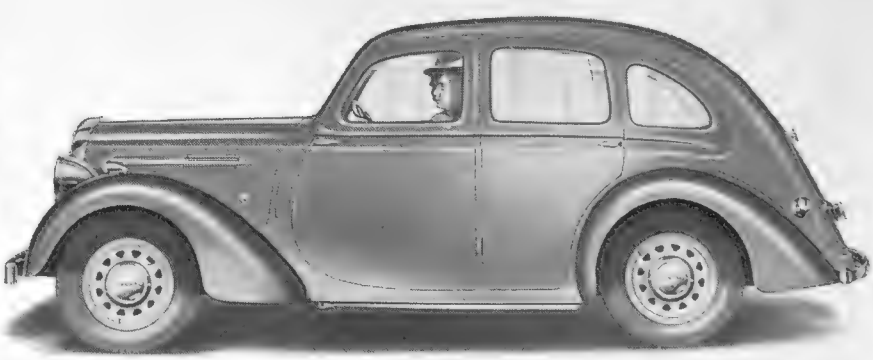

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Women's Golf

County Finals and the English Championship

By Eleanor E. Helme

DEAR BYSTANDER,

WRITING with only one round of the English Championship finished, it is obvious that much cannot be told or even prophesied as to who will win it. I can tell you that Miss Fishwick and Miss Wanda Morgan are both playing extremely well; that Miss Bridget Newell is fancied in some quarters; that the holder, Mrs. Garon, has not, so far, impressed; but beyond that there is little that can be said with any degree of certainty.

INDEED, we are all still a little flattened-out by the enormity of Surrey's daring in winning twenty-one matches and not losing a single one in the County Finals, which is a record for the event, and will probably remain so for many a long day. There is no need to be Surrey-born to feel admiration for such a feat, especially as the side lacked Miss Pam Barton, who is, of course, adventuring in U.S.A.; and Mrs. Peel, who is in Scotland. Miss Fishwick, at the top of the team, did her duty nobly: 6 and 5 from Mrs. Morant; 4 and 3 from Miss Winifred Berry; and 2 and 1 from Miss Newell. She was out in 38 that last time, and mistress of the situation throughout.

Against Dorset, which was their first match, Surrey were certainly rather cruel; the Western county lacked some of their best, are deficient at the moment in young players, and had done well to arrive in the finals at all. Against Lancashire it was much more of a touch-and-go affair, and never have I seen a tighter finish than the Mrs. Newton and Miss Hamilton match, which Miss Hamilton won at the twenty-third after having an approach holed against her at the eighteenth and a long putt at the nineteenth.

Above: Miss Mervyn Barton (Surrey) beat Mrs. Latham Hall (Dorset) by 7 and 5

Left: Miss B. Newell (Derbyshire) won one of the three matches her side took from Lancashire by beating Miss W. Berry 3 and 2

Miss Pam Shand (Derbyshire) lost by 8 and 7 to Mrs. B. Newton (Lancashire) in the County Finals at Hayling

Miss N. Halsted (Surrey) and Miss E. M. Arkell (Dorset) played to the twentieth hole, when the Surrey player won

Mrs. J. Seed (Derbyshire) lost by 4 and 3 to Mrs. F. Soppitt (Lancashire) in the County Finals. Lancashire beat both Derbyshire and Dorset, and so took second place

YOU can imagine how determined Surrey were the next morning; how relieved when Miss Fishwick was home against Miss Newell and Miss Gourlay against Miss Cradock-Hartopp, after being two down in the early stages; and how jubilant when the whole seven were theirs. It was so cold and wet that morning that they had plenty of pity for the two matches which went to the nineteenth: Miss Corlett winning one for Lancashire and Mrs. Carslaw one for Dorset; the net result being a Lancashire win to take second place, with Derbyshire third.

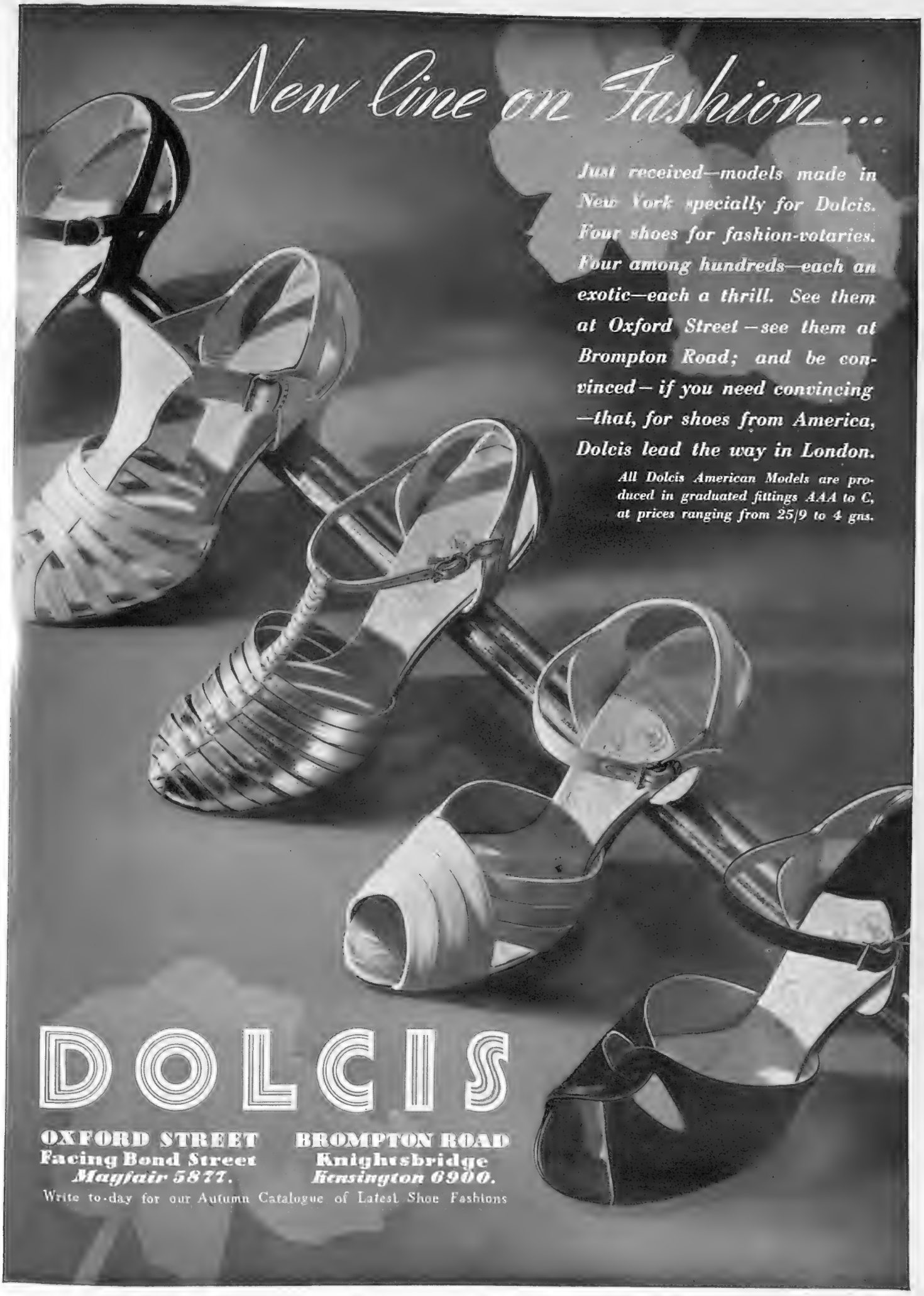
What you cannot possibly imagine is how merry an evening Surrey spent; even the captain unbent completely. I shall not enlighten you.

THERE is no tonic like a win: that captain, who had not played in the team, only cheered them on judiciously and unobtrusively, won herself in the first round of the Championship; Miss Hamilton, with 8 and 7, and Miss Doran, with 7 and 6, supplied the biggest margins of the day, and all the team and reserves came through except Miss Halsted. She went out to Mrs. Rhodes, who holds the Northern Championship, the Yorkshire Championship, and the BYSTANDER Yearly Challenge Cup, and is expected now to have a straight run through to the semi-final. Mrs. Rhodes took ten holes from the eighth onwards in level fours, so Miss Halsted must be excused.

It was not an easy day by any means: cold enough to make a number of players bring out their fur gloves and be thankful they had had sufficient forethought to pack them along with the bathing-suits which some had brought and used on the practice days. So Miss Wanda Morgan's 38 out was equal reason why she should beat Mrs. Guedalla 6 and 4. Mrs. Clarke was level fours too, for six homeward holes against Mrs. Garon, after starting so very much below form that the holder could take 45 to the turn and still be 5 up, and was probably lulled and lured into a sense of false security from which Mrs. Clarke's subsequent brave effort was a rude awakening.

THERE was, of course, hot local support for Mrs. Clarke, especially as this is her last Championship before going East, and every competitor would gladly have seen anything

(Concluded on page x)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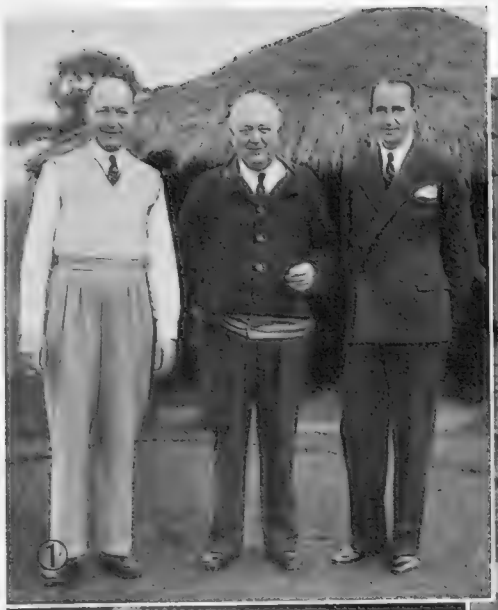
Golf Clubs at Home : Leeds

Leeds Golf Club is one of the oldest in Yorkshire; it was formed in 1896 to take over the course from the old Roundhay Club which had played over the land for many years before that. The present club-house dates from 1909, and has some fine views over Roundhay Park and Waterloo Lake. These photographs were taken on the Club's Hospital Gymkhana day: members have raised over £700 for local charities during the last six years



(1) Harry Whitfield (member of council), J. C. B. Smith (president) and Brian Armitage (hon. sec.). (2) J. O. Collett (council) and J. J. Bains, Junr. (captain). (3) Harold Cutts (council, and Yorks. County player), A. Glover (ex-capt.) and W. Bateson (council). (4) W. T. B. Wild (council) and J. E. Mitcheson. (5) W. G. Hearne and F. H. Speight. (6) Stanley Kay and Oliver Swithenbank, J. P. (ex-president). (7) H. Lumb and G. A. Earnshaws. (8) W. S. Young, P. Bruce and N. E. Wale (all house committee). (9) H. W. Meyers (professional) and T. Thompson (steward)

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J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

The Last Important Professional Meeting

JUST when I had finished collecting nearly all the necessary data to write an article on how the unfortunate Henry Cotton had not won a single golfing event of importance during the year, he won the Dunlop Metropolitan Tournament, played over the West (New) Course at Wentworth. Nevertheless, I still intend in the winter months, when no golf of importance is being played, and when there is little to write about, to give a summary of Cotton's performances during the year.

It was only last week that I wrote that it is much better for golf and for all other games to be undertrained, rather than overtrained. Cotton, as I think everyone knows, trains for golf tournaments in the very strictest manner. I was, therefore, very interested to hear at Wentworth that he has lately not been training quite so drastically, and has cut down his practice just before important events. Whether this was the cause or not, he certainly at Wentworth looked not nearly so highly strung as he did earlier in the year.

THE Dunlop Metropolitan Tournament is the last of the professional golfing events of importance. Only the following are qualified to play in it: (*a*) the first four professional players and those who tied for the fourth place, together with the leaders in the qualifying rounds of the major open tournaments of the year, and in the British Open Championship; (*b*) the first and second professional players in the Continental open championships; (*c*) among other events, including the Dunlop sectional tournaments, the winners or the runners-up in the case of the winner having already qualified; (*d*) the past winners of the British Open Championship, and the 1935 Ryder Cup team.

From the above, it appears that the promoters of this tournament do not consider the Open Championship a major open tournament, which certainly appears strange. From the necessary qualifications, it is seen that this tournament is a championship of champions.

I THINK there were very few, if any, who were not pleased to see Cotton win. It is difficult to imagine anything better than his play up to the green, and on this occasion, if his putting was not good, it was at least reasonably steady. Getting the ball into the hole did not look such a laborious task as it did at Hoylake. He appeared to have his left elbow both lower and closer to his body, and the club-head went along the ground after impact instead of straight up in the air as formerly. He certainly missed several very holeable putts, but, on the other hand, he put the majority of his approach putts so close that even he himself, under strain, could not miss them. It is indeed fortunate for professional golfers of this country that Cotton is not a good putter; if he was, I cannot see him being anywhere but first in any golf event in which he takes part.

THE spectators were very fortunate to find Cotton and Reggie Whitcombe drawn together, as when the last round started, Cotton was leading the field with a score of 210, with R. Whitcombe and Lacey, equal second, with 214. When the news of Lacey's last round of 69 was received on the course, Cotton was home and dried, bar a major disaster. Cotton and Whitcombe had a tremendous tussle in the last round, and were both out in 36; in the next four holes, Whitcombe got two strokes back, chiefly by means of a two at the short 10th, and a three at the long 13th. Cotton at these holes had done nothing wrong, bar taking three shots on the 12th green, and he most certainly looked worried when Whitcombe holed a long putt for his three at the 13th, but in spite of this, he kept on hitting the ball both easily and accurately. Whitcombe lost a great chance at the 14th, where he missed a putt—about four yards—for a two. If he had got another stroke back here, anything might have happened. You could almost hear Cotton's sigh of relief when Whitcombe's ball passed the hole.

From here on, Cotton made no mistakes, and got back one stroke by holing the 16th in three, and he might easily have got two strokes back, as he missed a short putt on the 18th green, but as he was then a certain winner, he probably did not concentrate on it very much. To return cards of 72, 68, 70, and 71, on a course on which the three-quarter good shot gets you nowhere, is certainly a very fine performance, and I hope it will compensate the winner to some extent for his many narrow defeats during the season, both in this country and on the Continent.

The Prince of Wales's Cup

L. O. M. Munn (Prince's), the veteran Irish ex-champion, won the 72-holes stroke competition for the Prince of Wales's Cup at Sandwich. With him (left) is E. F. Storey

The Desborough Cup

A. D. Stocks won the Desborough Cup for lawn tennis golfers, played at the R.A.C., Epsom. With him is Mrs. Anderson, with whom he won the bogey foursomes. She was the only woman playing. His wife, Mrs. Stocks, won the Cup in 1923 and 1927

J. ADAMS, who shortly goes to Hoylake as professional to the Royal Liverpool Golf Club, broke the record of the course in his third round with a score of 67. Although he produced many very fine shots, his golf was far from flawless; he demonstrated fully what can be done by keeping on trying, and holing putts even when a player is not hitting the ball as accurately as he would like to.

MY predecessor, Joe Fairlie, who writes under the more eminent name of "Gerard Fairlie," has now practically given up writing about the game of golf, and writes almost entirely for the films, and an occasional book. He has just written a new book called *Moral Holiday*. As far as golfers are concerned, he might just as well have left out of the title the word "Moral," as this is the only sort of holiday they usually indulge in. *Moral Holiday*, unlike Gerard Fairlie's previous books, is not a thriller, but nevertheless, there are just as many exciting incidents in it as in the majority of books of this nature. It is published by Hutchinson's.

All entries for the BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in every issue of the* BYSTANDER *during the current month.* **Coupons must be attached to the cards** *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

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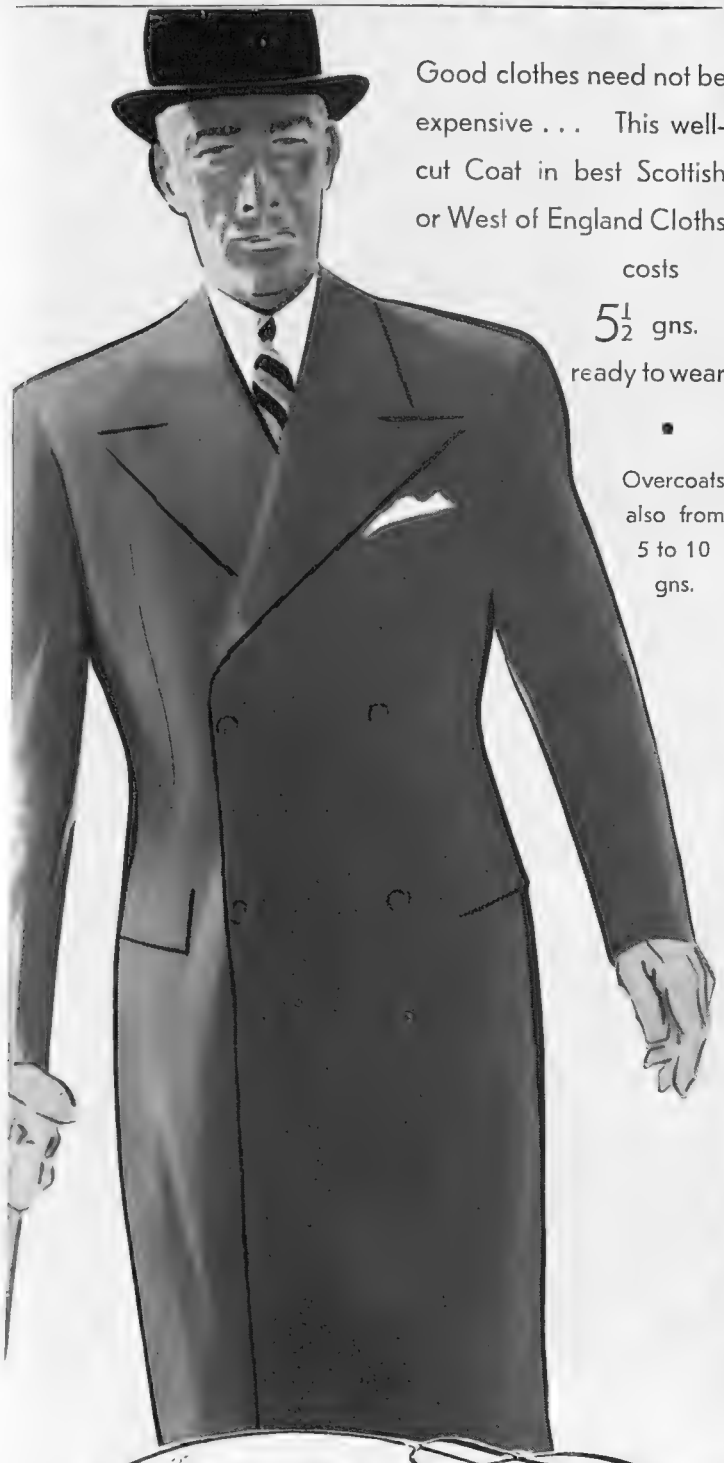

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Scott Scores a Double First

By Charles Ward

Scott and Guthrie, winners of the race to Johannesburg. Their Vega Gull is the same as that used by Charles Gardner to win the King's Cup this year, but it has a later model Gipsy engine and a variable pitch airscrew. Scott achieves a "double," in that he also won the MacRobertson Trophy, with Campbell Black as his co-pilot

An Exciting Race

THE lack of advance publicity and the absence of glamour which surrounds an event in which world records are likely to be broken, did not prevent the Johannesburg Race from taking its place on the front page for three days running. Miller's bad luck in running short of petrol on the first lap and losing so much time in getting a supply was particularly regretted, but Halse on the other Mew Gull was leading the field and seemed likely to win with a good margin. He averaged 200 miles an hour to Belgrade, but lost time on the next stages, for Clouston, the R.A.F. Reserve pilot of the Hawk VI., was only half an hour behind him at Khartoum. Halse was defeated partly by failing light and bush fires when making a forced landing near Salisbury, and also because of air-sickness, due to the heat of the sun and the bumps over the Central African forests. His average speed, including stops for petrol, works out at nearly 160 miles an hour. Tommy Rose was out of it at Cairo after one leg of his retractile under-carriage let him down whilst taxying to the hangars. At the time these notes are written, Max Findlay and Ken Waller are still in the running, but Scott and Guthrie or Llewellyn and Hughesdon, flying Vega Gulls, are good for first and second place. The Vega is the same type as that used by Mrs. Beryl Markham to cross the Atlantic, and can be regarded as the up-to-date fast tourer for an experienced pilot. Arrangements for the competitors through Africa have worked extremely well—at all aerodromes, Imperial Airways' personnel were on duty with night-landing equipment, petrol oil, and sustenance for the inner man. Stop Press!—Scott has won, after a splendid effort, comparable to his triumph in the race to Australia two years ago.

The Height Record

FOLLOWING the precedent set in 1927, when the R.A.F. formed a High-Speed Flight to capture the Schneider Trophy and the world's speed record, a High Altitude Flight has been established at Farnborough to regain the height record and to study the stratosphere. The first of these objects was attained at the end of last month when Sq. Ldr. Swain ascended to 49,967 feet, beating the previous record held in France by 1269 feet. Note the uncanny accuracy with which the barograph corrected for pressure and temperature, indicates the height. Not 50,000 feet in round figures, but 33 feet less. Mount Everest still has that annoying two feet above its majestic 29,000, so it must be a peculiarity of scientific instruments that they avoid ending a number with noughts if possible. Both the pilot and his Pegasus engine were supercharged for the flight, the former in a special suit supplied with oxygen and the latter with Shell petrol and oil. Visibility was excellent for the attempt, the view from a point over Brighton including the whole of the coast from Margate to Land's End, north to the Wash and Wales, south including the coast of France and the Channel Islands. The lowest temperature reached was around 60 degrees below zero. In the upper air, there was a steady wind of hurricane force, which meant taking special care in order not to be "blown away" from England. There were difficulties during the descent owing to frost on the windows and expansion of the flying suit, but with great presence of mind, the pilot cut away his cellaphane visor and eventually made a safe landing. Altogether a very fine effort. A second machine is under construction by Bristols to take a Rolls-Royce "Merlin" engine, so that experience can be obtained with liquid cooling at great heights. The conquest of the stratosphere has begun, though it will be many years before high altitude flights become commercial or even an attraction at air circuses.

Captain S. S. Halse, who led the field in the race to Johannesburg until failing light compelled him to make a forced landing. His average speed in the Mew Gull, including time on the ground for refuelling, was 160 miles an hour

At Heston

FOUR members of the Bombay Flying Club left Heston at the end of last month to fly home in a Moth Major and a Klemm Swallow. This is the third year in succession that the Club has carried out the flight to England and back, an exercise comparable in the civil sense to the R.A.F. cruises through Africa and to the Far East. There are still far too many people who spend their flying lives round the home aerodrome with occasional excursions of a few hundred miles. Anyone who can afford a long trip should take it. Communal journeys such as the one referred to and the various tours to the Continent organised from Heston are of tremendous value to the individual pilot. Otherwise, Heston is progressing very much as we have been led to expect it to progress. Everything new is tried out there before being launched into the aeronautical world.

Imperial News

"SYRINX" is with us again on the cross-Channel services, after a re-fit following damage by a gale some months ago. It is one of the two Short land-planes employed by Imperial Airways noted for their spacious cabins. "Danae," which is a de Havilland "Express" used on the route to Brindisi, distinguished itself by covering 2000 miles, including five intermediate halts in 18 hours. This record was made between Marseilles on the outward flight and London on the return, leaving the former at 6 a.m. and landing at Croydon by floodlight at midnight.

TEA TIME 1936

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THE pendulum of Fashion swings to and fro. In the latter part of Queen Victoria's reign, make-up was little used, and certainly never by women in Society, who regarded such vanities as highly immoral. Generally speaking, this idea prevailed until the war broke out. With it came a sense of freedom, and the use of cosmetics which has continued intermittently ever since. To-day, however, there is a decided reaction in favour of natural make-up, easily achieved with Tangee rouge. Like the chameleon, it changes colour when applied to the cheeks, and blends imperceptibly with the underlying tints of the skin. It is available in cream and powder form at 3s. 6d. Any hard lines should be softened with the finger tip.

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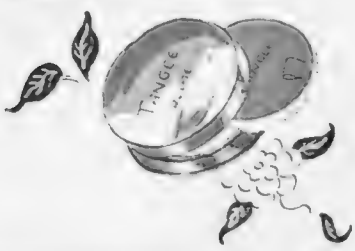

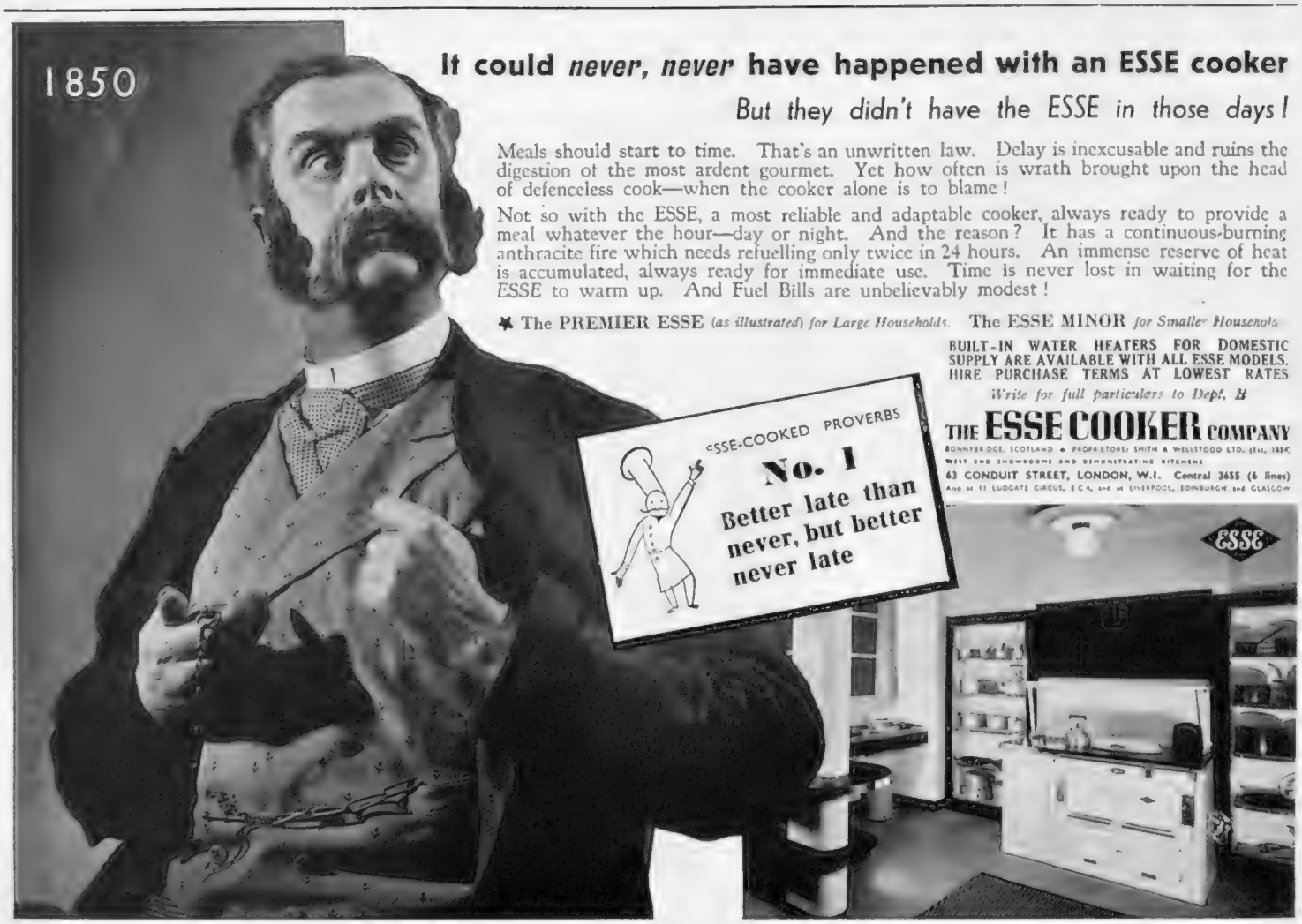

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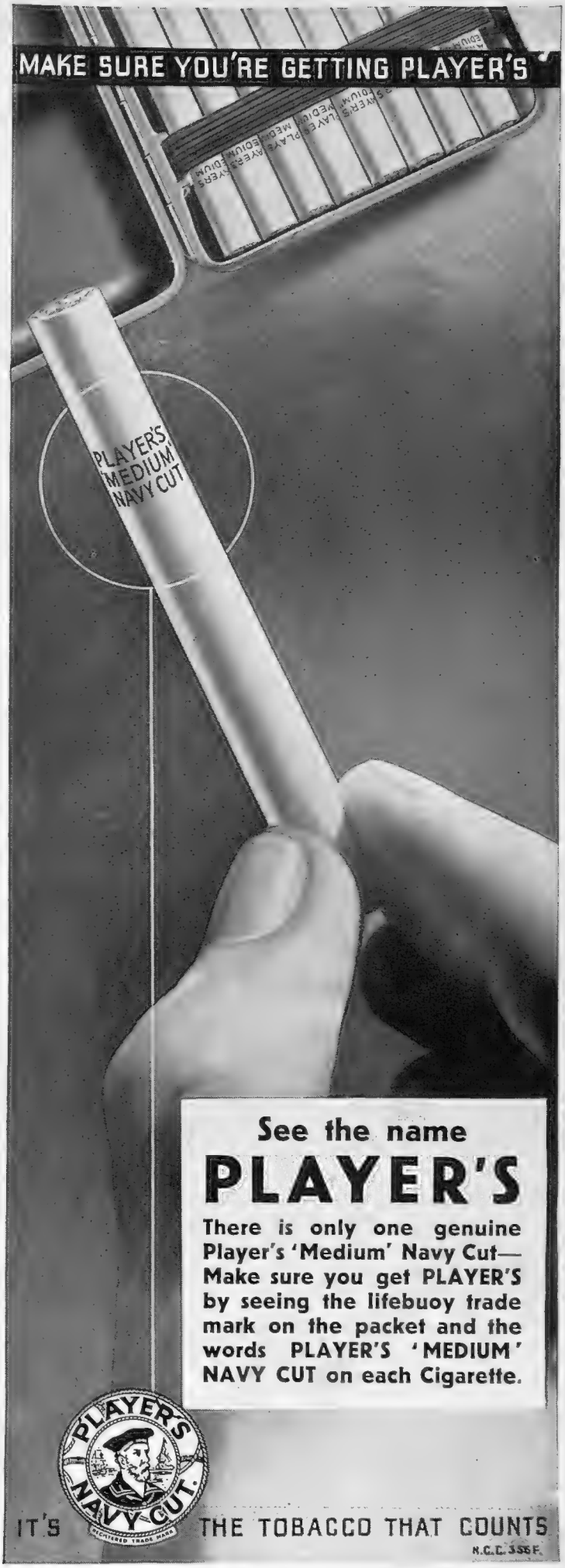

Left: Lady Eddis (Aldeburgh) beat the one-club player, Miss Gloria Minoprio (Littlestone) at the nineteenth hole in the second round at Hayling

Right: the very victorious Surrey team, who won all their twenty-one matches, were: (standing) Miss Hill, Miss Doran, Mrs. Crosthwaite, Miss Palmer; (sitting) Miss Mervyn Barton, Miss Jean Hamilton, Miss Diana Fishwick, and Miss N. Halsted

English Ladies' Championship

Surrey—the County Champions

Women's Golf *(Continued from page 44)*

happen that would please a club where the kindness and hospitality have been unlimited. The caddies have been included in that; don't believe anything to the contrary, for they have been paid, housed and fed exceptionally well here. Indeed, what Mrs. Knight and her husband, and many others have done and are doing for competitors is almost unbelievable.

I suppose we can't give the credit to them for providing such a glorious view of the Queen Mary going by on the first day, but that was certainly an incident which added spice to the morning. All that has been written about her, all the photographs one has seen, had not quite prepared me for seeing her make the Isle of Wight look no bigger than the bank of a bunker behind her.

It was a grand, sunny, windy day, the Monday, and things looked beautiful right enough, even if, beyond Miss Morgan and Miss Fishwick, one seemed to walk a great many miles without seeing any startlingly fine golf.

There was courageous sticking to tough propositions, such as Miss Margaret Hodgson to Miss Gourlay, and Miss Brenda Norris's win from Miss Mary Johnson, but there was not that wealth of talent apparent which there has been other years. Perhaps Hayling is even harder than it looks and than many other courses. It is notorious that no man has been able to break 70 on it from the back tees, and this Championship is played from tees only some couple of hundred yards shorter on the eighteen holes.

And the lies are difficult. That is undeniable. It will be a stout-hearted golfer who wins. With which non-committal statement let me cease and catch the post.

Yours ever,

ELEANOR E. HELME

The Editor's Box

Firbeck Hall Club

Here is a country club run on super-American lines. The lovely old house, at Firbeck, near Worksop, was built in 1546, but everything else is more than modern, including the swimming-bath. This is the south wing, and shows where summer lunches are served out of doors

"Angling"

The first number of a new quarterly for fishermen has just been brought out. *Angling* is edited by E. Marshall Hardy, and contains articles, descriptive and technical, on all kinds of fishing by all kinds of experts, as well as information about tackle and where to find good and cheap fishing. Also—and very important for fishermen—the magazine is pocket size. It costs 1s., and Angling Publications, Ltd., or your newsagent will supply it.

Branksome Challenge Cup

The Branksome Challenge Cup is promoted by the Branksome Tower Hotel and organised by *Golf Illustrated*. It is the only hotel competition of its kind in the country. The main events are the thirty-six holes scratch for the Branksome Challenge Cup, and thirty-six holes handicap for the Branksome Challenge Trophy. For each of these events handsome replicas are presented, together with runner-up prizes. Other events are the best round of the day, eighteen holes scratch, the best round of the day eighteen holes handicap, for both of which first prizes and runner-up prizes are presented. In the eighteen holes scratch event a handsome prize is presented by *Golf Illustrated*.

The competition is confined to hotel visitors only, and is played over the course of the Parkstone Golf Club by kind permission of the Committee. The date this year is Sunday, October 25th. Free practice is allowed on Saturday, October 24th, to all competitors, and there are no green fees or any entrance fees at all. The course is closed for the use of competitors only on the Sunday.

This event is now in its seventh year, and has been won since its inception in 1930 by some very distinguished players.

Entries are limited to sixty-six, owing to the necessity of each player being able to get in two rounds at a time when, of course, the light does not last very long.

The entry list invariably has to be closed a week or two before the competition proper. Entries should be addressed direct to L. Burdet, manager of the Branksome Tower Hotel; telephone, Bournemouth 4000.

Special golfers' terms are quoted to all those staying at the hotel and playing in this competition, and the Parkstone Golf Committee go out of their way to make this event a most enjoyable and well-run one from a golf point of view.

Opera Stars in Vichy

Signor Formichi (left), baritone of the Scala Opera, and Mme. Lisa Perli, English soprano, were both singing in the opera season at the Grand Casino this summer

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Getting Married :

The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Clay — Baden-Powell

Gervas Charles Robert Clay and the Hon. Betty Baden-Powell were married at Bentley, Hants. He is in the Northern Rhodesia Administrative Service, son of Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Clay, of Albury, Surrey, and she is the younger daughter of Lord and Lady Baden-Powell, of Bentley, Hants.

Kayler — Godfrey

Edward Kayler, of Shray Hill, Wellington, Salop, and Pamela Hayes Godfrey, younger daughter of the late G. P. H. Godfrey and Mrs. Godfrey, of The Cottage, Codsall Wood, Staffs., were married at St. Nicholas, Codsall, by the Bishop of Stafford

Morgan — Holderness

Brian Morgan, son of Harry Morgan, of 57, Parkside, Wimbledon, and Esma Holderness, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Holderness, of 41, Fyfe Road, S.W.14, were married at Holy Trinity, Brompton

Stedall — Cottam

Marcus B. P. Stedall and Audrey Wishart Cottam, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest J. Cottam, of Piccards Rough, Guildford, were married at St. Margaret's, Westminster. The bridegroom is the younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Bertram Stedall, of 77, Cadogan Square, S.W.1

Flett — Martin

Martin Teall Flett, younger son of Sir John and Lady Flett, of Prince of Wales's Mansions, S.W.11, and Mary Martin, elder daughter of Sir Alec and Lady Martin, of 37, Vicarage Road, East Sheen, were married at St. Columba's, Pont Street

Gimson — Eliott-Lockhart

Capt. W. A. Gimson, Q.V.O. Corps of Guides, son of Mrs. W. D. Gimson, of Bucks, Danbury, Essex, and Katharine Clare Eliott-Lockhart, daughter of the late Lt.-Col. Eliott-Lockhart and Mrs. Eliott-Lockhart, of Frogs Hill, Newenden, Kent, were married at Chelsea Old Church

Stormonth — Waddington

James Stormonth and Maria de la Luz Waddington were married at Chelsea Old Church. The bride is the daughter of C. L. Waddington, late of Santiago, Chile, and Mrs. James Marshall, of Coniston, Lancs. She is a well-known operatic singer

Haggas — Brace

Captain James Haggas, son of Sir James Haggas, of Woodville, Keighley, Yorks., and Mrs. Beatrice Ida Brace were married at St. Ethelburga's, Bishopsgate. The bride is the daughter of Sir William Feilden, Bt., of East Lodge, Doveridge, Derbyshire

Lort-Phillips — Glyn

Patrick Lort-Phillips, Grenadier Guards, only son of the late Major-Gen. T. H. Shoubridge, and Mrs. Pascoe Glyn, daughter of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. Arthur Grenfell, of 36, Chesham Place, S.W.1, were married in Pembrokeshire

Marsh — Whittingstall

Marcus Marsh, of Lambourn, Berkshire, and Mrs. Eileen Fearnley-Whittingstall (Eileen Bennett that was) were married at Chelsea register office

Neale — Urling-Clark

Archibald Graham Neale, only son of Mr. and Mrs. James Neale, of Quarryhangers, Reigate, Surrey, and Ann Urling-Clark, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Urling-Clark, of Laglands, Reigate, were married at Reigate Parish Church

Joel — Ritchie

Dudley Jack Barnato Joel, M.P. for Dudley, son of the late S. B. Joel, married Mrs. Esmé Ritchie, of The Cottage, Little Stanhope Street, W.1, at Caxton Hall register office. The bride is the daughter of the late J. M. Oldham and Mrs. Violet Oldham, of Ormsdale, Ascot, Berkshire

Maclay — Greig

The Hon. Joseph Maclay and Nancy Margaret Greig were married at Paisley Abbey. He is the son of Lord Maclay, of Duchal, Kilmalcolm, Renfrewshire, and she is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Greig, of Caldwell, Uplawmuir, Renfrewshire

Skelton — MacLeod

Peter Skelton married Mary Katherine MacLeod at St. Matthias, Earl's Court. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Skelton, of 20, Deyncourt Gardens, Upminster. She is the daughter of the late Canon MacLeod, Provost of Wakefield, and Mrs. MacLeod, of Clanricarde Gdns., W.

Blackwell — Lindo

Middleton Joseph Blackwell, son of Mrs. W. G. Blackwell, of Villa Doria, Promenade des Anglais, Nice, and Ross House, Westport, Ireland, and Blanche Lindo, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Percy Lindo, of Royston, Jamaica, were married at St. James's, Spanish Place

Dunnill — Villiers

Dr. Dennis E. Dunnill, son of the late A. H. Dunnill and Mrs. Dunnill, of Elmstead Road, Bexhill, and Pauline Villiers, daughter of Major and Mrs. Paul Villiers, of Rivermead Court, Hurlingham, were married last week at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge

Getting Married
(continued)

Lenare

Isobel Sowry

Is engaged to George Stewart Anderson, son of the late Captain R. Anderson, of Meikle Pinkerton, Dunbar; she is the daughter of the late G. H. Sowry and Mrs. Sowry, of Rowley Park, Stafford

Fayer of Vienna

Grizel Fyfe

Is marrying Michael Gillilan, second son of Major and Mrs. Gillilan, of Great Bowden, Market Harborough, at St. George's, Hanover Square, on October 20th. She is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Fyfe, of Owlstone Croft, Cambridge

Lenare

Alison Campbell

Is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Nigel Campbell, of Woodrow High House, Amersham, Bucks., and announced her engagement last week to John Russell, eldest son of the late J. C. Russell and Mrs. Russell, of Delamas, Ingatestone, Essex

Bassano

Ursula Wolseley

Is engaged to John Henry Spencer, of 209, Gloucester Terrace, W.2, only son of the late Commander Spencer, R.N.; she is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Mervyn Wolseley, of Whitmoor House, Guildford, Surrey

Douglas

Anne Pipon

Has just announced her engagement to Jack Ellis Hammerton, only son of the late Stephen Hammerton and Mrs. English, of Hitchin, Herts.; she is the third daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. J. G. Pipon, of 32, Cadogan Place, S.W.1

Kay Vaughan

Nancy Leatham

Is the only child of the late Lieut.-Col. B. H. Leatham and Mrs. Leatham, of Lile Cottage, Richmond, Yorks., and is to marry W. R. D. Vernon-Harcourt, South Wales Borderers, son of the late L. W. Vernon-Harcourt and Mrs. M. Liddell, of 9, North Audley Street, W.1

Bassano

Prunella Frank

Is marrying Vanya Ringer, son of Sydney Ringer, British Vice-Consul of Nagasaki, Japan, at Nagasaki next January. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Frank, of The Lodge, Pickering, Yorks

Lenare

Mary Patricia Worthington

Is the daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Berners Worthington, and ward of Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Budgett, of Kirtlington Park, Oxford, and is to marry Eric A. R. Asprey, youngest son of the late G. E. Asprey, of Court Lodge, Chelsfield, Kent, and Mrs. Asprey, of 23, Hereford Square, S.W.7

Catherine Bell

Felicity Ashwell

Announced her engagement last month to Peter Hawkesworth, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. C. E. M. Hawkesworth, of Snitterfield Park, Stratford-on-Avon; she is the only daughter of F. A. E. Ashwell, of 37, Pembroke Square, W.8

Pearl Freeman

Denise Gough

Is the youngest daughter of General Sir Hubert and Lady Gough, of 71, Elm Park Gardens, S.W.10, and is engaged to Ronald Montague-Jones, R.E., younger son of Mr. and Mrs. E. Montague-Jones, of Moor Road, Swanage, Dorset

Lafayette

Margaret Stoneham

Margaret Stella Russell Stoneham, the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. Russell Stoneham, of Scotsburn, Tunbridge Wells, Kent, is engaged to John C. P. Newman, only son of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Newman, of The Old Kennels, Bishops Stortford, Herts.

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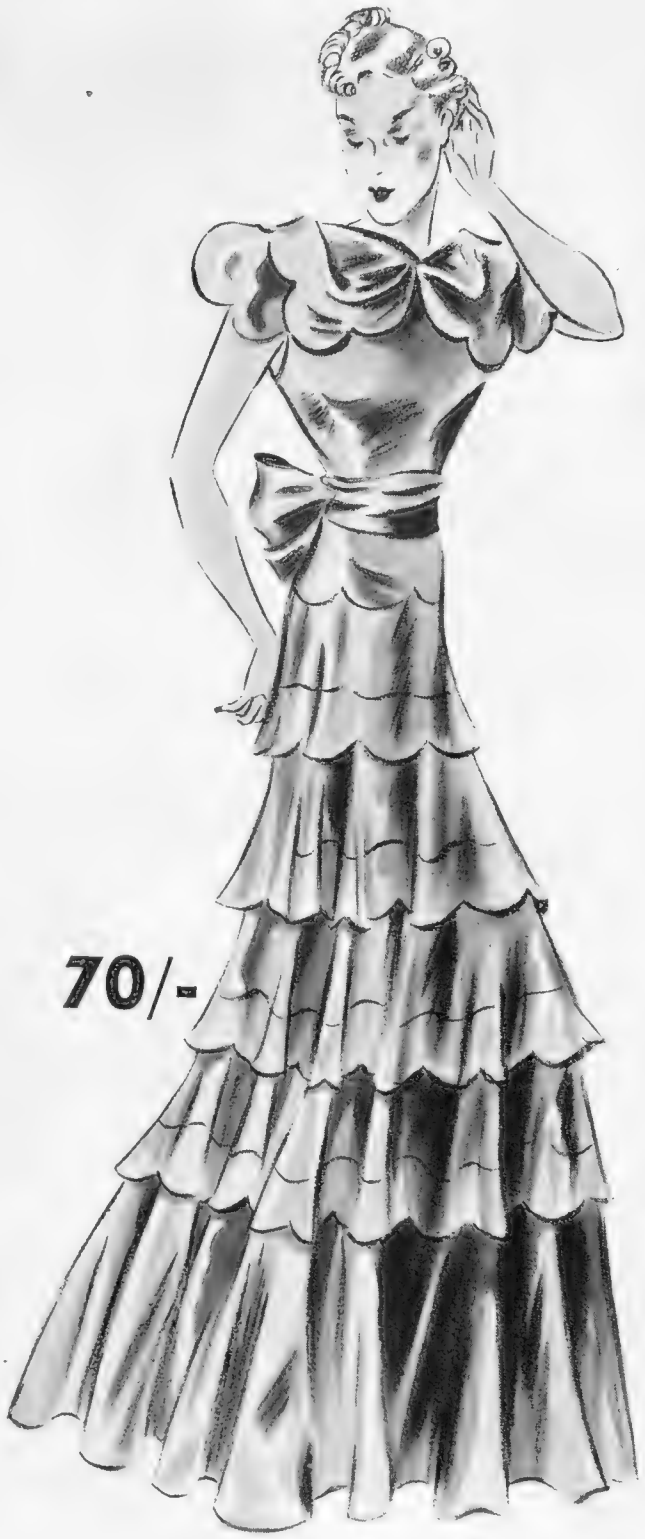

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• *DEBUTANTE FROCKS SECOND FLOOR*

The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

October 7 — October 13

First Night and Matinée dates are correct at time of going to press, but readers are advised to check them with their dailies

O-Kay For Sound.—Riotous revue with some stirring scenery by Ernst Stern and plenty of knockabout humour by Naughton and Gold, Flanagan and Allen, Nervo and Knox: Palladium, 6.20 and 9. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

Over She Goes.—Slapstick to music, with Stanley Lupino, Laddie Cliff and Adele Dixon to make it go: Saville, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Revudeville No. 82.—Has most Windmill favourites in it—Stafford and Marnitz, Warden and West, Pearl Hackney and revudebelles; comedian Hal Blue is new: Windmill, 1.20—11.30, non-stop.

Spread It Abroad.—Herbert Farjeon's witty revue headed by Nelson Keys and Hermione Gingold, supported by Cyril Ritchard and Madge Elliott, is now at the Comedy: 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

Swing Along.—Louise Browne, Leslie Henson, Fred Emney, and Zelma O'Neal in a musical as funny as *Seeing Stars*; Henson especially in great form: Gaiety, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

This 'll Make You Whistle.—Jack Buchanan, Elsie Randolph, and a gaily-coloured chorus lead a no-plot musical with great success: Palace, 8.15. Wed. Sat., 2.30.

Goalkeeper Sherkot

He's one of the most amusing silent comedians on the variety and cabaret stage, and his goalkeeping is his star turn. C. B. Cochran first brought him to London; now he's in the Savoy cabaret

Transatlantic Rhythm.—Felix Ferry's vast American revue has Lupe Velez, Ruth Etting, Lou Holtz as stars: Adelphi.

The Two Bouquets.—Gay romping piece which pokes gentle fun at Victoriana; music and scenery delightful, Gertrude Musgrove and George Benson stand out in a strong cast: Ambassadors, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

Mirth and Mystery

Aren't Men Beasts!—Straightforward comedy with honest-to-goodness laughs reliant on a situation rather than wit; Robertson Hare is a dentist; Alfred Drayton and John Mills back him in fun-making: Strand, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

THEATRES

Comedy and Tragedy

After October.—Lively entertainment from polished acting of a polished plot (by Rodney Ackland). An impecunious family and its Micawber-like hopes have Mary Clare and Peter Godfrey to interpret: Aldwych. 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

The Amazing Dr. Clitterhouse.—A thriller of the best type, alive to its last kick; Ralph Richardson, as the amazing doctor in pursuit of psychological data, gets tangled into an amusing bunch of crooks: Haymarket, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Anthony and Anna.—St. John Ervine's play seems a fixture and deserves a second visit to see Harold Warrender as a charming loafer and Lucille Lisle trying to convert him to work: Whitehall, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

The Composite Man.—Ronald Jeans' light touch and witty dialogue turned to a satire which they almost fit; Richard Bird and Diana Churchill lead convincingly: Daly's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

The Country Wife.—Wycherley's comedy revived with a wonderful cast, headed by Edith Evans, Ruth Gordon, Ursula Jeans, Ernest Thesiger, Alec Clunes: Old Vic, 8 (not Mon.). Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Follow Your Saint.—Lesley Storm mixes a murder into a matrimonial tangle; Edna Best as the "saint," Nicholas Hannen as her husband are both at their best: Queen's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

The Insect Play.—Revival of the Capek Brothers' lepidopteran satire on human activity; Edmund Willard is the tramp: Little, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

The Lady of La Paz.—Lilian Braithwaite dominates the stage as her rôle dominates the play—full-blooded acting of a hearty part, with Nova Pilbeam as one of her troublesome offspring: Criterion, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

Mademoiselle.—Madge Titheradge in the name-part is brilliant, set off by skilful acting on the part of Greer Garson, Isabel Jeans, and Cecil Parker in Deval's powerful family character play: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

A Month in the Country.—Gillian Scaife in the revival of Turgenev's comedy of Russian life: Westminster, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Murder in the Cathedral.—T. S. Eliot's poetic play is one of the most worth-while seeing productions; Robert Speaight as Becket: Mercury, 8.30 (not Mon.). Fri., Sat., 2.30.

Œdipus Rex.—Last four days of Sophocles' drama, played à la Grecque with chanting chorus; Sir John Martin-Harvey as the King, Miriam Lewis as Jocasta: Covent Garden, 8.45. Wed., Sat., 3.

Pride and Prejudice.—Jane Austen and her England successfully transposed to the stage in a charming entertainment with period settings by Rex Whistler. Celia Johnson as Elizabeth Bennett, Dorothy Hyson as Jane, Leueen Macgrath as Lydia: St. James's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Whiteoaks.—This fine play by Mazo de la Roche is about a family dominated by its grand matriarch (Nancy Price); full of humanity: Playhouse, 8.30 (not Mons.). Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

Singing and Dancing

Blackbirds of 1936.—Noise, rhythm, colour, speed and more than a pinch of wit combine to make this show, as usual, breath-taking in the extreme; if you like these things, you 'll love it: Lyceum, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Careless Rapture.—Ivor Novello (the author) and Dorothy Dickson head a sprightly cast and vast chorus in a story which adequately holds a succession of grandiose scenes together; also Walter Crisham and Zena Dare: Drury Lane, 8. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Certainly, Sir!—George Robey, Mackenzie Ward, and Renée Houston lead in this piece by the authors of hilarious *Please Teacher* and *Yes, Madam*: Hippodrome, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

The Desert Song.—Revival for a limited period of this fine romantic musical with Edith Day, Clarice Hardwicke and Harry Welchman in their original parts: Coliseum, 8.15. Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

Let's Raise the Curtain!—Kurt Robitschek's "variety-comedy-revue-opera" has a big cast and a lavish choice of entertainment types: Victoria Palace, 6.20 and 9. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Call It a Day.—Dodie Smith's entertaining play is the longest unbroken runner in town—and deserves it—with clever acting by Owen Nares and Fay Compton in a St. John's Wood family-life comedy: Globe, 8.15 Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Chinese White.—A good hair-raising thriller, with Arthur Hardy, Ena Moon, Frank Cochrane: Royalty, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

The Frog.—Robust thrills by Edgar Wallace and Ian Hay, in which Gordon Harker is a detective up against a terror that detonates various scenes; Jack Hawkins and a big cast emphasise the suspense and reliefs: Prince's, 8.10. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

The Fugitives.—A typical and topical Hackett play; rapid, improbable and convincing, it sweeps Marion Lorne, Godfrey Tearle and Phyllis Dare through personal adventure and national revolution: Apollo, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Heroes Don't Care.—Felix Aylmer is the North Pole hero; and his wife, Carol Goodner, doesn't care for him, nor does Rex Harrison care for heroism: the slight plot of these Arctic interactions is a frame for lively acting and dialogue: St. Martin's, 8.40. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

Laughter in Court.—Ridiculous plot does not put any strain on the witty dialogue which is unrolled to perfection by Yvonne Arnaud, Ronald Squire and Edmund Breon: Shaftesbury, 8.45. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Murder on Account.—A new thriller with Rosalinde Fuller, Dorothy Dix, G. H. Mulcaster, and William Roderick: Winter Garden, 8.15. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

The Night of January 16.—A murder trial in which the audience supplies a jury, with an all-American cast: Phœnix, 8.30. Sat., 2.30.

Night Must Fall.—Emlyn Williams' gruesome character play, with a new cast (Esmond Knight, Vivienne Bennett and Charles Mortimer), is at the Cambridge. 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

No Ordinary Lady.—A French comedy slowed up for English production but often witty and unexpected; Ellen Pollock, Jack Melford and D. A. Clarke Smith are in it: Duke of York's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Spring Time.—Overwhelming optimistic, this piece showers good fortune round the stage, upon landlady Louise Hampton and her brood of lodgers; go to be cheered up: Duchess, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Storm in a Teacup.—Franck and Bridie's cheerful satire on Scottish officialdom deserves its long run; don't miss Sara Allgood or Roger Livesey at the head of an amusing cast: Garrick, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

First Nights

Going Places.—A new Vivian Ellis revue, with Olga Baclanova, June Knight, and Arthur Riscoe in it: Savoy, Thurs., 8th.

Charles the King.—Maurice Colbourne's historical play has Barry Jones as Charles I., Gwen Ffrangçon-Davies as Henrietta Maria, George Merritt as Cromwell: Lyric, Fri., 9th.

CINEMAS

As You Like It (British).—Elisabeth Bergner as Rosalind, Leon Quartermaine as Jacques, Lawrence Olivier as Orlando; generous display of talent in first British Shakespeare film: Carlton.

Mr. Deeds Goes to Town.—If you missed this, go and see Gary Cooper in it at the Dominion and New Victoria.

Everybody Dances.—Cicely Courtneidge leading a double life has grand scope in this comedy with Ernest Truex as her partner: Tivoli.

The Great Ziegfeld (American).—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's giant biographical spectacle stars William Powell, Myrna Loy and Luise Rainer, and is lavish to suffocation: His Majesty's, 2.15 and 8.15.

It 's Love Again.—You can now see the Jessie Matthews musical at the Marble Arch Pavilion.

The King Steps Out (American).—An Austrian setting for Grace Moore's latest; Franchot Tone is the hero; the music is Kreisler's, and the direction von Sternberg's: Regal.

The Last of the Mohicans (British).—Randolph Scott, Henry Wilcoxon, Binnie Barnes and Heather Angel are in the Fenimore Cooper Red Indian classic: London Pavilion.

The Man Who Changed His Mind (British).—Boris Karloff is a too-brilliant brain specialist; victims Anna Lee and John Loder also supply love interest; story and acting both good: New Gallery.

(*Continued on page* 11)

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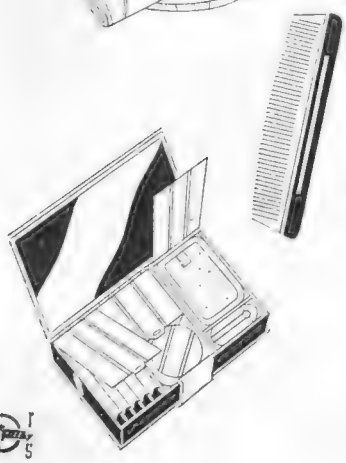

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What's On

CINEMAS *(Continued)*

MY MAN GODFREY (American).—William Powell, as a butler, with Carole Lombard and Eugene Pallette in a satire on two ends of society: Leicester Square.

PICCADILLY JIM.—Americanised Wodehouse, with Robert Montgomery, Eric Blore and Madge Evans: Empire.

SAVOY-HOTEL 217 (German).—From the Ufa Studios but set in Moscow; Hans Albers is a fascinating waiter, Brigitte Horney a wealthy visitor, Gusti Huber a Bergneresque chambermaid: Curzon.

SINGENDE JUGEND (Austrian).—Heros of this attractive film are the famous Vienna Choir Boys; here is pleasure for the really musical: Academy.

THE TEXAS RANGERS.—A Wild West thriller, led by Fred McMurray, Jack Oakie and Jean Parker. And there's *Hollywood Boulevard* for light contrast: Plaza.

OPERA

SADLER'S WELLS:

LOHENGRIN.—To-night, 7.45.

CARMEN.—Thurs., 8th, 8.

FAUST (with full ballet).—Friday, 9th, 8.

LOHENGRIN.—Sat., 10th, 7.45.

BALLET

SADLER'S WELLS:

SYLPHIDES, LAC DES CYGNES (Act III.), JOB.—Sat., 10th, 2.30.

CARNAVAL, PROMETHEUS (first performance), SLEEPING PRINCESS, pas de deux, FACADE.—Tues., 13th, 8.30.

MUSIC

Orchestral

BEECHAM SUNDAY CONCERT.—Beecham conducts the L.P.O.: Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, Sun., 11th, 3.15.

SUNDAY CONCERT.—Queen's Hall Orchestra, Wood conducting; programme includes Beethoven's fourth piano concerto (Myra Hess), Brandenburg Concerto in D: Queen's Hall, Sun., 11th, 3.30.

(Continued from page F)

COURTAULD-SARGENT.—Iturbi conducts the L.P.O. and is soloist in Beethoven's "Emperor" concerto; Sibelius' second symphony is included: Queen's Hall, Oct. 12th and 13th, 8.15.

Recitals

SEGOVIA.—Guitar recital: Wigmore Hall, to-night, 8.30.

ERIC GREENE.—Song recital: Aeolian Hall, Friday, 9th, 8.30.

MYRA HESS.—Piano recital: Wigmore Hall, Sat., 10th, 3.

NIEDZIELSKI.—Piano recital: Palladium, Sun., 11th, 3.15.

DANCING AND DINING

DORCHESTER.—*Midnight Laughter* is a short and attractive cabaret-revue; Jack Jackson's band: extension, Thursday.

KEMPINSKI'S.—The German specialities are excellent and inexpensive; other dishes are served; no music.

LONDON CASINO.—The Folies de Femmes cabaret is mammoth, and plays during dinner and supper; Jack Harris makes music (two bands).

MAY FAIR.—Ambrose is back here, and there is always good cabaret: extension, Friday.

NEW CLARGES.—Here you eat and talk—there's no music or dancing; the food and wines are excellent.

PRUNIER'S.—Fish foods are the specialities, but you can eat what you please; the wine list is also excellent; no music.

ODDENINO'S.—The redecorated restaurant has just opened; the brasserie is conversationally Bohemian as usual.

QUAGLINO'S.—Marianne Davis sings at midnight; Van Straten's band plays; you needn't dress for the Grill: extension, Wednesday.

QUINTO'S.—This is new and amusing, and the food and wine are faultless; lunch and dinner only, and Sundays, dinner.

RITZ.—Café chantant cabaret again: Joe Kaye plays for dancing: extension, Wednesday.

SAN MARCO.—Jimmy Rogers entertains at the piano; Maurice Winnick's band plays.

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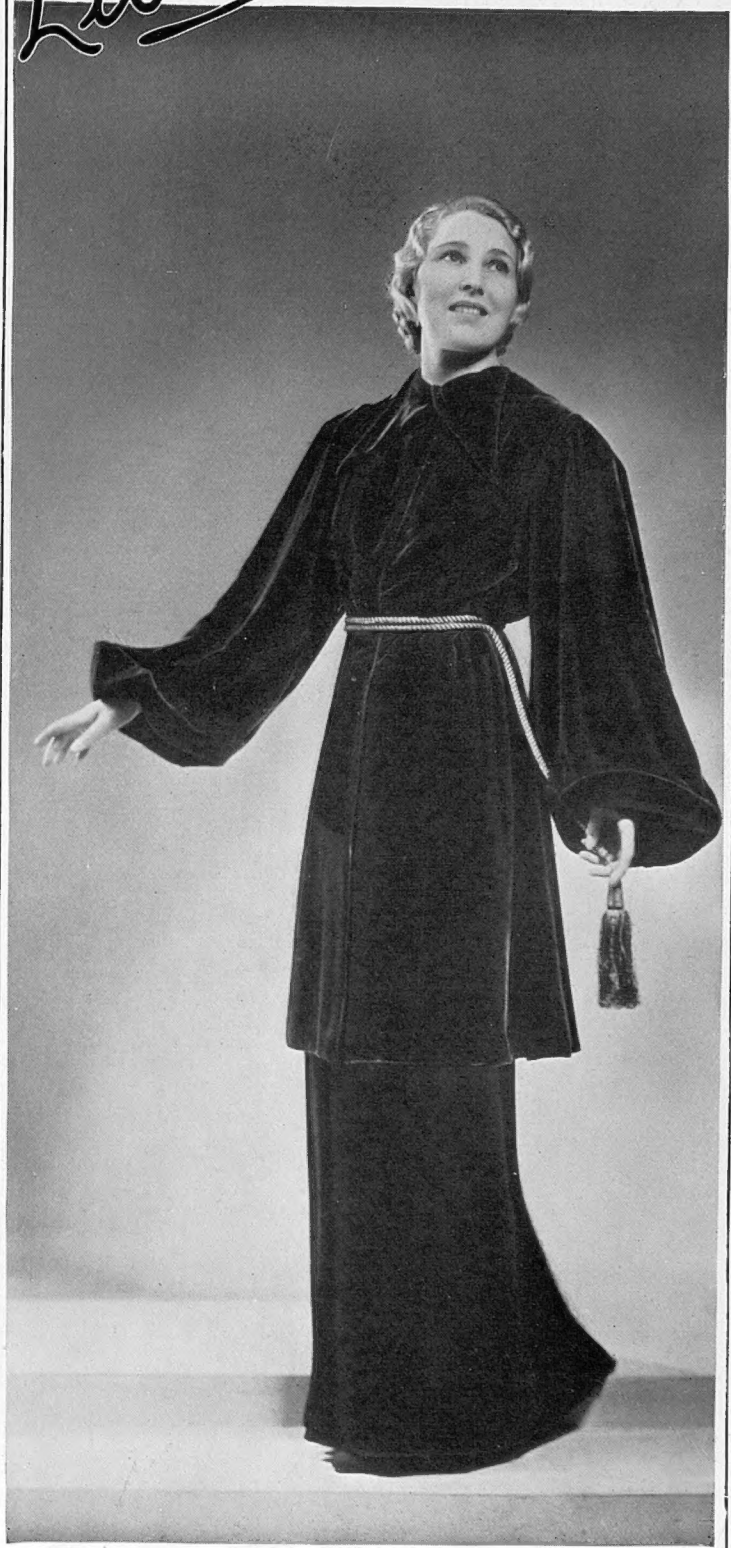

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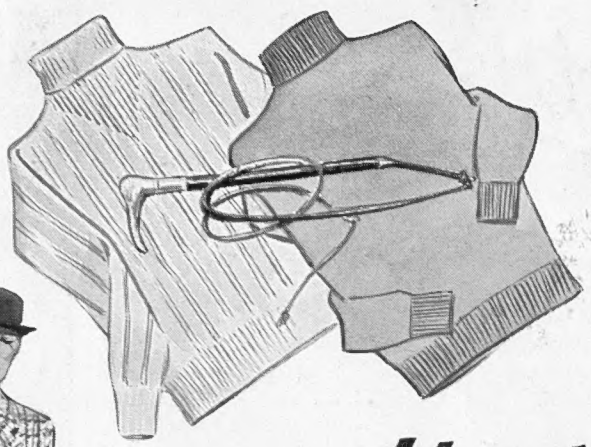

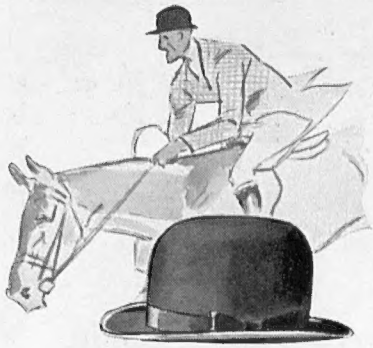

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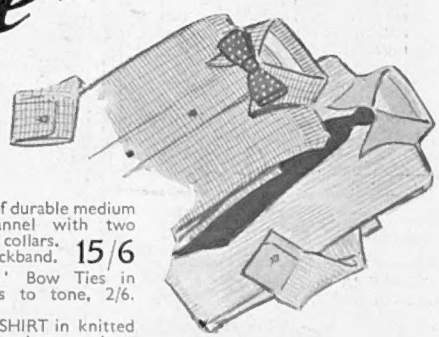

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